THE LAND WE LOVE.

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BRIGADIER GENERAL STEPHEN ELLIOTT, C. S. A.

Gen. Stephen Elliott, the subject of this brief sketch, was born, October 26th, 1830, at Beaufort, South Carolina. His father, the Rev. Stephen Elliott, was a minister of the Episcopal Church. To the duties of this high station, he united those of a humane and generous master, and for many years, devoted himself to the task of preaching to the negroes, on his own, and the neighboring plantations, in a church, built by himself, on his own property. He married, early in life, Anne Habersham, and their union was blessed with five sons and two daughters, the eldest of whom was Stephen.

Essentially a child of the sea,—for his summers were passed in Beaufort, and his winters on his father's plantation, upon Paris Island, one of those fair homes so peculiar to the sea-coast of Carolina,—he evinced, from his earliest days, a passionate love for all sports connected with the water. His uncle, the Hon. William Elliott, who has given so inviting a picture of Southern amusements, in his pleasant volume, "Carolina Sports," was the very prince of fishermen, and the love of that sport was one of the most striking characteristics of his family. Almost from childhood, Stephen Elliott was famed for his rare prowess as a fisherman, and none among the water-loving denizens of Beaufort, could equal him in the management of a boat, or out-strip him in a swimming race. His bold, hardy, and adventurous spirit gained for him a leader's place among his youthful companions; his practical sense, ready wit, and coolness in the hour of danger, commanded their respect; while his mirth, genial temper, and kindly heart, won their love. His delight in music

was intense, and his performance on the violin was remarkable for its wild and spirit-stirring music.

In 1846, he went to Harvard University, and thence to the South Carolina College, where he graduated with credit, in 1850. On his return to Beaufort, he settled upon a plantation on Paris Island, where he pursued the culture of Sea Island cotton, with marked success.

In December, 1854, he married Charlotte, daughter of his fellow-townsman, Henry M. Stuart, Esq., and niece of that brilliant meteor, who, for a brief space, dazzled with his genius, the circle in which he moved, and who first raised the Charleston *Mercury* to its world-wide fame. I allude to the gifted John A. Stuart.

In 1859, General Elliott was elected to the Legislature, of South Carolina, which position he continued to occupy until his death.

At length, dark clouds gathered over the horizon of the "Sunny South." Insult, wrong, and oppression had been borne by her gallant sons in the hope that peaceable measures might prove sufficient to preserve their rights and homes inviolate; but it was not so to be. The election of an abolition President was the signal for every Southern sword to leap from its scabbard, and every Southern voice to echo the cry of their renowned countryman, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

The first to rise and bid her sons prepare for battle, was the proud Palmetto State, and none more eagerly responded to her summons than the thriving young planter of Paris Island.

About two years previously, he had been elected Captain of the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, a company which had existed since the year 1792, and which numbered amongst its members nearly all of the young men of Beaufort. At the head of this gallant band, Captain Elliott began his military career by erecting and manning an earth-work about two miles from his native town. He remained there until he was ordered to Bay Point, for the purpose of building a fort to assist in the defence of the harbor of Port Royal.

During the summer of 1861, he remained at this fort, which received the name of Fort Beauregard, in honor of Charleston's gallant defender. At length, on the 3rd of November, the powerful fleet of the United States appeared in sight, and on the morning of the 5th, the firing commenced. There was but little effected upon that day, however, and the next proving too windy, the battle did not take place until Thursday, the 7th. Soon after sunrise, the attack was opened, and for many hours the brave men, who garrisoned the forts on Bay Point and Hilton Head, were exposed to a rapid and fearful fire. Steadily, unflinchingly, Captain Elliott and his gallant soldiers stood to their posts, doing all that brave men could for the defence of what they held most dear. They knew that on every breeze, the sound of that terrible discharge was borne to the strained and listening ears of their wives, mothers and children, wringing their hearts with

agony. Ere long, too, they saw the impossibility of effectual resistance, and knew that their happy homes, the dear old town, the fort, which they had built, and were so bravely defending, all—all must soon be the prize of the triumphant invaders. By mid-day, the struggle was over and the sad retreat commenced.

At the moment of evacuating the Island, Captain Elliott and his gallant men paused to bid a last farewell to the trusty companions of that conflict, the two brass four pound pieces, which had been captured from the British in the Revolutionary war, and presented by General Lafayette to the Beaufort Artillery, and which they had regarded with so much pride and affection. For one brief moment, the young leader's strong heart, which had quailed not in the hour of danger, failed him, and his face was hidden in his hands; then, in a voice low and broken, the command for departure was given, and slowly and sadly the scene of their first battle was deserted.

And now, for nearly two years, Captain Elliott, remaining in command of the Beaufort Artillery, occupied an important position on the line of inner defence, which had been arranged by Gen. Lee, during his brief period of command in South Carolina. For most of that time his company was stationed at Pocotaligo, the nearest position to Port Royal Island.

The same fearless spirit and indomitable energy, which rendered Captain Elliott the swiftest and hardiest swimmer, the boldest and most successful fisherman among so many bold and hardy companions; which gave him, at the age of twenty-eight, a place in the Legislature of his native State; and which had already made him one of the most thriving of the planters around Beaufort, now showed itself in his frequent and dangerous expeditions into the deserted country. To his men, he was not only their military commander, but the chosen and beloved leader, who was at once their dauntless comrade in the hour of peril; their gay-hearted and mirthful companion in the tedious inaction of camp; their friend, their admiration, and their pride. What wonder that they followed him, gladly and fearlessly, deeming it a privileged position to be one of the men in the Captain's boat?

During the time that Captain Elliott was stationed in the neighborhood of Pocotaligo, was fought the battle of Yemassee, or, as it is often called, the second battle of Pocotaligo, in which he took a conspicuous part. Few battles of the war reflected more honor upon those engaged, than did this conflict, which lasted seven hours, and in which the Confederates were in proportion of, at the least, one to eight. The commander in this engagement was Colonel,—soon afterwards General—, Willian S. Walker, a gallant and courteous officer, who received, from this victory, the name of "Live Oak Walker," and between whom, and Gen. Elliott, existed the warmest esteem and friendship. Alike noble representatives of Southern chivalry,

courage and patriotism, it could scarcely have been otherwise.

Those years at Pocotaligo brought to Captain Elliott a terrible bereavement, in the death of his eldest child, a noble boy of seven years, who bore his name. He was a gentle, loving little fellow, the pride and darling of his father, who loved to make him, from a very early age, his constant companion. But an All-wise Ruler saw the dark future; saw the young father called to Heavenly mansions, and bore his precious darling thither, to await his coming, safe from the dangers, snares and temptations, to which a boy is so peculiarly exposed without a father's guardian care. The trial was one of bitter anguish, but truly it was in love that the blow was struck, and the hand that chastened was not slow in blessing. Ere many months had passed, the stricken father found consolation in a Saviour's love, and the brave Southern soldier openly proclaimed himself a soldier of the Cross. Captain Elliott was confirmed, during the summer of 1862, in Camden, S. C., by the venerable Bishop of that State.

In the fall of 1863, Captain, now Major Elliott, was chosen by Gen. Beauregard to take the command of Fort Sumter. On the 4th of September, he entered the fort and commenced that arduous and gallant vigil, which lasted for nine long months. Scarcely had he taken the command, when General Gilmore's demand for the surrender of the fort was made. General Beauregard's bold and dignified refusal was followed by the memorable night of the 9th of September, "in which thirty launches, supported by a portion of the naval force, attacked the fort, and were signally repulsed, leaving one hundred and thirteen prisoners in the hands of the garrison."

Week after week the terrible bombardment continued, but the brave defenders still held their post. The skill, coolness and energy of Major Elliott were unrivaled; and he had able and efficient co-workers. To those brave men, the South, Carolina, and above all, Charleston owe a boundless debt of gratitude, and their fame is second to none in the annals of our gallant struggle.

For his conduct at Fort Sumter, Major Elliott was rapidly promoted, and, as a Brigadier General, joined the army of Virginia, in the lines near Petersburg. Soon after his arrival, a portion of his brigade was destroyed by the springing of the famous mine, which was fraught with such loss to our troops. He was engaged in the brilliant and bloody repulse which followed, and received a dangerous and painful wound in the shoulder, resulting in the paralysis of his left arm. When he was able to resume his duties, he was ordered back to South Carolina, as commander of the forces on James Island. There he remained until Charleston was evacuated, when he joined the army under General Johnston, and was engaged in the battle at Bentonville, where he was again severely injured. He was obliged to obtain a furlough and return to his native State, which he

reached just before the final surrender of the Confederate armies.

In September, 1865, General Elliott returned to Beaufort, and occupying a small fishing hut on the island of Bay Point, where he had begun his brief, but glorious, military career, he removed his family thither, and supported them by the proceeds of his own labor as a fisherman. He was unanimously reëlected to the Legislature, in the fall of 1865, and for the last time, assisted in the Councils of his beloved State.

At length, having received an appointment as superintendent of transportation on the South Carolina railroad, he removed with his family to Aiken. His wounds and the exposure to which he had subsequently been subjected, had preyed upon the once powerful constitution, and when, ere he had become settled in his new home, disease attacked his exhausted frame, he fell a speedy victim to the destroyer. But for him, the sting had been taken from death, and he left to his grief-stricken mourners the blessed testimony, "I am safe in Jesus."—Verily, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the spirit; for they rest from their labors."

Gen. Elliott had requested to be buried beside his mother, in the Episcopal church-yard at Beaufort. His honored remains were carried to the proud old city, which had been the scene of his brightest glory; and there his obsequies were performed, within St. Michael's ancient walls. From thence, they bore old Beaufort's youthful hero back to the desolated home of his boyhood. For the first time since the 3rd of Nov. 1861, the venerable church was opened to receive a little band of thirty weeping mourners, all that had yet returned to their desecrated home, of the once happy flock who worshipped beneath that roof. And now they came, with sad and weary hearts, to lay their heroic dead in his last earthly resting-place, among those loved ones, who had been mercifully taken, ere the storm-cloud had burst, in its relentless fury, over their beloved country. To most of that sorrowing group he was united by the ties of kindred and of friendship; to all he was the hero who had so nobly battled for their liberty, and who was the pride of every Beaufort heart. The neglected graveyard, the dismantled and desecrated church, the absent faces, and that little band of mourners—ah, it was a sad picture of our stricken land! Yet God had given unto this people a priceless blessing, in the presence of their beloved and venerated pastor, who had for more than forty years broken for them the precious Bread of Life. Slowly the hymn arose—and oh, how sadly those bereaved hearts missed the well-known voice of him now passed to the footstool of the Great White Throne. With broken voices his old companions sang,

"Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears."

I can close this brief record of

one, whom all Southerners, but more peculiarly those, like him, children of old Beaufort, delight to honor, with no more fitting tribute to his memory, than the following Resolution passed by his colleagues in the Legislature:

"*Resolved*, That this House esteems it a high, though melancholy, privilege to render to the memory of General Stephen Elliott, lately one of its members, every testimony of reverential and affectionate respect in its power; for in him the State mourns one of her bravest soldiers—a faithful, true-hearted and devoted son; and this House a beloved, respected and useful member, who, with unselfish zeal, brought all the energies of a clear head, a brave heart, a strong will and untiring industry into the service of his country, and added to these sterling virtues all the gentler qualities, which endear men to their kind. Tender and loving in all the domestic relations; warm and sincere in friendship; frank and truthful to all who approached him; and with an earnest, practical, loving faith in his Saviour—he lived and died the model of a Christian hero, and has left behind him a bright example, which we recommend to our children's children, and a memory which, we trust, will never die, while the State cherishes her old love for purity, worth and courage."

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Methinks I see, on Sumter's ramparts high,
The youthful chieftain stand. His eagle eye
Looks forth to where, across the pathless tide,
The invading vessels of the foemen ride.
That steadfast gaze, that calm, determined brow,
The pressure close of those firm lips, all show
The leader's fixed resolve and dauntless heart.

A brief space thus,—and then the firm lips part,
And o'er his features breaks a smile so bright,
So joyous; even as the light
Breaks forth all glorious on some winter's day,
When storms have long obscured the sun's warm ray.
What called that smile? Was it the heaving main,
Which bore him back to scenes of home again?
Saw he, once more, his bark bound o'er the tide?
Heard he the boat-song echoing far and wide?
To that brave hand, which wielded now the sword,
Did there return the pressure of the cord,
So swiftly gliding forth to yield full play
To yon great fish, the prize of all the day?

Did his fair island home rise to his view,
And memory all the sunny past renew?

The joyous smile has faded; in its place,
A shade of sadness rests on that proud face.
Perchance, before his spirit opens clear,
For one brief moment, all the future drear.
He sees his once strong arm of power bereft;
He sees the brave old Fort to foemen left;
He sees his country, conquered, bleeding, bound,
Her starry banner trailing on the ground;
Her freedom lost; her mighty struggle vain.

A moment,—and the smile returns again.
Calm, clear and steadfast; as though, to his view,
The end of all, for him, was opened too.
His grand defence of Sumter; all the fame,
Which circles, like a halo, round his name;
A few brief months of labor and of toil,
Passed near his home, now the invader's spoil;
And then, the rest—the everlasting peace,
Where strife can enter not, and sorrows cease:
The golden gates unclosed to welcome in
The youthful, war-worn patriot, freed from sin,
Still uttering his last triumphant word,
"Safe!—I am safe, in Jesus Christ, my Lord."

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

THE Revolt of the Western counties of North Carolina in 1784—the formation of the State of Franklin—the existence of that anomalous political organization for four years, and its final absorption by the parent State in 1788 are all remarkable events.—And yet they are so little known to history and so imperfectly understood by historical readers generally, as to have nearly faded from the view of modern observers, and by many are referred to, only as the obscure revelations of tradition.

And yet these events are not only as we have here designated them, remarkable in themselves, but they present to posterity invaluable lessons—lessons of wisdom to the statesmen and rulers of the present day—lessons of patriotism, of humanity, of forbearance both to the politicians and people of the country, which cannot be too sedulously taught to, and inculcated upon, the citizens of the United States in the existing crisis of public affairs. We can not too much respect or too highly revere the noble magnanimity and parental affection exercised by North Carolina to her revolted western citizens while attempting the dismemberment of her territory and the disintegration of the old State. Nor can we, on the other hand, too much admire the self-sacrificing and dutiful spirit of the revolted people themselves—their subordination to law, to justice, to right, to quietude and peace under the exhibition of apparent neglect, injustice and misrule. No where else has been manifested by any people, a truer love of country, or so little tendency to radicalism or the prostration of all law. Their conduct in this respect cannot be too much commended or imitated.

ORIGIN AND CAUSE OF THE REVOLT OF 1784.—The American Revolution was terminated by an acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain, of the independence of each of the thirteen States—heretofore colonies of her own, and which had, one by one, thrown off its allegiance to the parent government, and revolted from its authority. The transition from a State of provincial vassalage and colonial dependence, to self-government, was sudden, but in some of the States, almost imperceptible. The change from a monarchy to a republic, brought with it, here and there over the country, a little of the spirit of insubordination, but to a much more limited extent than under existing circumstances, might have been expected. The boundary between liberty and licentiousness has at no time, and in no place, been better understood, and more strictly observed, than at the close of the American Revolution, and by the people of the new republics, then entering upon a new theatre of political existence. Still, under the recent order of things, it is not a matter of wonder, that there should be

immature conceptions of the nature of government, and mistaken views of public policy, or that even lawlessness and violence should result from error and inexperience. To a limited extent it was so. The wonder rather is, that so little anarchy, misrule, and insubordination existed amid the chaos, convulsions and upturnings of society, which the separation of the colonies from the mother country produced, or where the rights of the people were substituted for the prerogatives of sovereignty.

Apart from these considerations, there was a further difficulty involving the honor, the stability, and almost the existence of the new governments.

In achieving their independence, the States had each contracted a large debt upon its own treasury, for expenses incurred during the war. In addition to this, Congress had created a heavy liability upon the general treasury, for advances made by American citizens and foreigners, to meet expenditures growing out of a protracted conflict. While the country received the news of an honorable and advantageous peace, with acclamations of joy and triumph, Government felt itself borne down by its heavy public indebtedness, and harassed by the importunate clamor of its public creditors. Among the expedients adopted by Congress to lighten this burden, replenish its treasury, and increase its exhausted credit, was the recommendation, to such of the States as owned vacant and unappropriated lands, to throw them into the common stock, cede them to the United States, and out of the joint fund, thus created, liquidate the common debt. North Carolina was one of these. She owned a vast amount of unappropriated land, in that portion of her western territory extending from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. Sympathizing with Congress in the distress and difficulty resulting from the embarrassed financial condition of the Union, the General Assembly of North Carolina, at its April session, 1784, adopted measures to relieve them. One of these was an act passed in June, ceding to the Congress of the United States, her western lands, and authorizing the North Carolina delegates to execute a deed for the same. In this cession thus authorized, was embraced all the territory now constituting the State of Tennessee, and including, of necessity, the trans-montane counties, Washington, Sullivan, Greene, and Davidson.

By an additional act it was declared that the sovereignty and jurisdiction of North Carolina in and over the ceded territory and all of its inhabitants, should be and remain the same in all respects, until Congress should accept of the cession. It had been provided also that if not accepted in two years, the cession act was to be void.

The Assembly, at the same session, closed the Land office for the Western Territory, and nullified all entries of land except as therein specified.

Members from all the counties in the ceded territory were pres-

ent at Hillsborough and voted for the cession act. They had observed a growing disinclination on the part of the Legislature, to make any provision for the protection and defence of the Western people, or to discharge the debts that had been contracted, in guarding the frontiers or inflicting chastisement upon the Indians.—

Accounts for these purposes had been and would continue to be large and frequent. These demands against the Treasury of the State were received reluctantly, were scrutinized with the utmost caution, and paid grudgingly.—Often they were rejected as informal or unauthorized. It was even intimated that some of these claims were fabricated by the Western people, and that the property of citizens East of the mountains was wrongly and unjustly taken to cancel the debts of their Western countrymen.

Let it be recollected that in the Bill of Rights, which had been adopted at the same time with the Constitution of North Carolina express provisions had been made for the formation of a new State or States out of her Western Territory. The Proviso in the Declartion of Rights was in these words: "that the Constitution shall not be so construed as to prevent the establishment of one or more governments, westward of this State, by consent of the Legislature."—This was probably inserted at the suggestion of the young delegates from "Washington district, Watauga settlement." These were Charles Robertson, John Carter, John Haile and John Sevier. In their number—the last as here given, was the future Governor of Franklin and of Tennessee. His fortune was thereafter hewn out by his sword and shaped by his wonderful capacities. Could he have been at this time preparing a theatre for their future employment and exhibition? Be this as it may, the extension of her Western settlements became to the North Carolina Treasury a heavy and constantly increasing expense, and as the time was at hand when a new and independent State might be formed, the Legislature felt it to be impolitic to be very lavish in expenditures for those who might soon become strangers to her peculiar interests, or members of a separate organization. The West complained of inadequate provision on the part of North Carolina for their necessities, while the mother State lost no opportunity to impute to her remote children in the wilderness, extravagance and profligacy—filial ingratitude and disobedience. To the influence of these mutual criminations and recriminations, may be traced the hasty passage of the cession act of 1784.

The members from the Western counties immediately after the adjournment of the Assembly, at Hillsborough, returned home.—They brought with them to their constituents the first intelligence that had reached the West, of the passage of the cession act. The impression was generally entertained that Congress would not formally accept the cession of the Western territory for the space of two years, and that, during that period, the new settlements, being under the protection, neither of

Congress, nor of North Carolina, would be left in a state of anarchy, without aid or support from abroad, and unable to command, under the existing state of affairs, their own resources at home. This aspect of their condition was made the more discouraging and alarming, from the consideration that heretofore no provision had been made for the establishment of a Superior Court, West of the mountains. Violation of law was permitted to pass unpunished, except by the summary process of the Regulators, appointed for that purpose by the people themselves. Nor was the military organization, adequate to the exigencies of the new settlements. There was no Brigadier General allowed by law, to call into service the militia of the counties, or to concentrate its energies on sudden emergencies. This defect was the more dangerous, and the more sensibly felt, now when Indian aggression continued. With a frontier exposed to the inroads of a savage enemy, and with no authority amongst themselves, to whom the settlers could apply for assistance, with the settlements infested with culprits of every degree of guilt, refugees from other places, and escaping to these seclusions on account of their supposed immunity from conviction and punishment—distracted by the apprehension of an uncertain or questionable allegiance, ceded by the parent State, not yet accepted by their Federal owners — depressed by the contemplation of the state of political orphanage to which they were now reduced, and of the anarchy which must result from it—the opinion became general with the entire population, that the sacred duty devolved upon themselves to devise the means to draw upon their own resources—and by a manly self-reliance, to extricate the inhabitants of the ceded territory from the unexpected difficulties by which they were so suddenly surrounded. *Salus populi suprema est lex.* Self-protection is the first law of nature. The frontier was constantly suffering from Indian perfidy, and assailed by Indian atrocity, and the settlers seemed to hold their lives by the permission, and at the will, of their Cherokee neighbors.

In this dilemma it was proposed that in each captain's company, two representatives of the people should be elected, who should assemble as Committees, in their respective counties to deliberate on the state of public affairs, and recommend some general plan of action suited to the emergency. These Committees, for Washington, Greene and Sullivan counties, met and recommended the election of deputies from each of the Western counties, to assemble in Convention at Jonesboro', with power to adopt such measures as they should deem advisable. The election of deputies to the Convention was accordingly held, and on the day appointed, August 23, 1784, they assembled at Jonesboro'. Davidson county sent no delegates, probably none were elected. John Sevier was appointed President, and Landon

Carter, Secretary of the Convention.

Immediately after its organization, the Convention raised a committee to take into consideration the state of public affairs, and especially the cession of her Western territory, by North Carolina, to Congress. During the session of this committee one of its members commented upon the Declaration of Independence by the colonies in 1776, and attempted to show that a number of the reasons which induced the separation from England applied to the counties here represented. Another immediately moved to declare the three counties there represented to be independent of North Carolina. This motion was unanimously adopted by the committee and reported to the Convention.—In that body the motion was made for the formation of a separate and distinct State *at this time* and carried by twenty-eight (28) affirmative against fifteen (15) negative votes.

It was then agreed that a member from the door of the house inform the crowd in the street of the decision. Proclamation was accordingly made before the anxious spectators, who seemed unanimously to give to the proceedings their consent and approbation. The Convention, thus sustained, adopted a programme for future action—providing for the appointment and support of a delegate to Congress—to present their memorial and to negotiate their business with that body—requiring the County Court Clerks who held the bonds of sheriffs and other collecting officers, to keep the same in their custody and possession "until some mode be adopted and prescribed to have our accounts fairly and properly liquidated with North Carolina:" and providing further for the calling of another Convention to form a Constitution and give a name to the Independent State. They decided that of this body each county should elect five members—the same number that had been elected in 1776, to form the Constitution of the parent State. They fixed the time and place of meeting to be at Jonesboro on the 16th of September and then adjourned. The Convention thus provided for did not meet till November and then broke up in great confusion. The members had not harmonized on all the details of the plan of Association. There was a still greater conflict of opinion among their respective constituencies, and in a new community the voice of a constituent is always omnipotent, and must not be disregarded. Each party was tenacious of its own plan, and clamorous for its adoption. Some preferred a longer adherence to the mother State, under the expectation and hope that by the legislation of North Carolina, many, if not all, of the grievances which had disaffected her Western counties, would be soon redressed. Her Assembly was then in session at Newbern and did repeal the act for ceding her Western territory to Congress. During the same session they also formed a Judicial District for the four Western counties, and appointed an Assistant Judge and Attorney General for the Superior Court, which was directed to be

held at Jonesboro. The Assembly also formed the militia of Washington District into a brigade and appointed Col. John Sevier, the Brigadier General.

On account of the remote situation of the Western counties, the repeal of the cession act was not well understood across the mountains, or was so misrepresented as to give rise to the charge, against the parent State, of fickleness, or rather to the imputation of neglect or inattention towards the new settlement.

But "revolutions never go backward," the masses had been put in motion, some steps had been taken in remodeling their government—a change was desired. A new Convention was determined on, and accordingly another election was held, and Deputies were again chosen to a future Convention. On the day of the election at Jonesboro', General Sevier declared himself satisfied with the provisions that had been made by the Legislature, of North Carolina, in favor of the Western people, and enumerating them in a public address, recommended to the people to proceed no further in their design to separate from North Carolina. He also addressed a written communication to Col. Kennedy, and the citizens of Greene county, to the same purport, with the purpose of preventing confusion and controversies amongst the people and begged them to decline all further action in respect to a new government.

Notwithstanding this earnest advice of the President of the late Convention, and the redress of some of the grievances of which the peopie complained, and which had alienated them from the mother State, they persisted in their determination; the election was held, and five Deputies were elected from each county. The number of members chosen was fifteen, less than half of the first Convention. They were selected, too, by the counties, and not by captains of companies, and representing thus, larger bodies of their fellow-citizens, were less tramelled by local prejudices and instructions. Their action was less restricted, and their deliberations freer and more enlightened. In this body, as now composed, was considerable ability and some experience. It assembled again, at Jonesboro', and appointed, again, John Sevier its President, and F. A. Ramsey, Secretary.

The Convention being organized and ready for business, the Rev. S. Houston, one of its number, was designated by the President, and offered up a suitable and appropriate prayer.

A form of a Constitution was submitted, and agreed to, subject, however, to the sanction of a similar body, thereafter to be chosen, and to convene, November, 1785, at Greeneville. By an Ordinance of the Convention, at its present session, it was provided, that members to the Legislature of the new State, should, in the meantime, be chosen, according to the laws of North Carolina, and that when thus chosen, the Assembly should meet and put the new Government

into operation. It did meet at the appointed time, in Jonesboro', and organized, by appointing Landon Carter, Speaker of the Senate, and William Cage, Speaker of the House of Commons. Thus organized, the Assembly proceeded to the election of Governor of the State of Franklin. To this office Gen. Sevier was chosen. A judiciary system was established also at this first session. David Campbell was elected Judge of the Superior Court and Joshua Gist and John Anderson, Assistant Judges. The Assembly proceeded to adapt its legislation to the new order of public affairs, and enacted a law to "establish the legal claims of persons claiming any property under the laws of North Carolina in the same manner as if the State of Franklin had never formed itself into a distinct and separate State." "An act for the promotion of learning"—"to establish a militia in the State"—"establishing several new counties"—"directing the method of electing members of the Assembly"—"ascertaining the value of gold and silver, foreign coin and the paper currency now in circulation in North Carolina, and to declare the same a legal tender in this State," and for levying a tax for the support of government.—In this act was the following:—"Be it enacted that it shall and may be lawful for the aforesaid land tax and all free polls to be paid in the following manner: good flax linen, ten hundred at three shillings and six pence per yard," and so on for inferior qualities at lower prices. "Good clean beaver skins six shillings; cased otter skins six shillings, uncased ditto five shillings. Bacon well cured, six pence per pound; good distilled rye whiskey at two shillings six pence per gallon—good peach or apple brandy at three shillings per gallon—good neat and well managed tobacco fifteen shillings per hundred," and so on *ad infinitum* embracing many of the products and fabrics of the farm, the forest, the loom, &c., &c.

These provisions of the Franklin Legislature concerning its currency, have been the source of much merriment and pleasantry, at the expense of the Franks. It should be recollected, that many of the articles, which were thus declared to be a lawful tender in payment of debts, were, at that moment, convertible into specie, at the prices designated by the law; and all of them certainly, at a lower scale of depreciation than the issues of many banks, considered since that time, as a legal currency. Besides, in the forming periods of society, when the pastoral and agricultural, have not yet been merged into the commercial and manufacturing stages, where the simple wants of a new community confine its exchanges to the bartering of one commodity, or product, for another, there can be but little use for *money*. There it does not constitute wealth, and is scarcely the representative of it. On the frontier, he is the wealthiest man, not who owns the largest amount of wild lands, while thousands of acres around him are vacant and unappropriated, or who has money to lend, which no one near him

wishes or needs to borrow, but he whose guns and traps furnish the most peltries, who owns the largest flocks and herds, and whose cribs and barns are the fullest, and whose house-hold fabrics are the most abundant. In a new settlement, these are wealth and constitute its standard.

But to return from this digression.

Having appointed the officers of State, and provided for the support of the Government of Franklin, the Assembly authorized a Treaty to be held with the Cherokee Indians. Gov. Sevier and two others were appointed Commissioners who, on the 31st of May, 1785, met the King and Chiefs of that tribe, when a treaty of friendship and boundary was negotiated.

Under the new Government, the county offices were generally conferred upon those, who already held commissions under North Carolina for the same places. This arrangement gave general satisfaction. The metamorphosis from the old to the new order of things was so noiseless, gradual, and imperceptible, it did violence to no one, produced no convulsion, and for the time-being, reconciled all parties West of the mountains, to the new Regime, which was now in the full tide of successful experiment.

East of the Alleghanies, however, this sudden dismemberment of the territory of North Carolina, produced surprise, censure and condemnation. A rumor of the insurrectionary tendency across the mountain, had reached Newbern during the session of the Legislature, and had doubtless much influence in hastening the measures adopted for the conciliation and relief of the Western people. Complaints were soon after made to Governor Martin, then Governor of the State, by the Chiefs of the Cherokee Nation, in which the conduct of some of the Franklin officers was brought to the Governor's attention. In reply to these complaints, Governor Martin prepared a long *talk* to Old Tassel and other warriors of the Cherokee Nation, and also letters to Gen. Sevier; and to give to these public documents the greater dignity and importance, they were forwarded to the West by a special Commissioner, Major Henderson, with special instructions to that officer, how he should conduct the delicate negotiations which were the objects of his mission.

"You will repair with dispatch," says Governor Martin, "to General Sevier, and deliver to him the letters herewith handed you, and request his answer. You will make yourself acquainted with the transactions of the people in the Western country, such as their holding a Convention, and learn whether the same be temporary, to be exercised only during the time of the late Cession Act; and that since the repeal thereof, they mean still to consider themselves citizens of North Carolina, or whether they intend the same to be perpetual, and what measures they have taken to support such Government. That you procure a copy of the Constitution, and the names of such officers at present

exercising the new Government. That you be informed whether a faction of a few leading men be at the head of this business, or whether it be the sense of a large majority of the people, that the State be dismembered at this crisis of affairs, and what laws and resolutions are formed for their future government; and also what are the bounds of the new State, &c., &c. 'At the same time you will conduct yourself with that prudence you are master of, in not throwing out menaces, or making use of any language that may serve to irritate persons concerned in the above measures.'"

The authorities of North Carolina were not long allowed to remain in doubt upon the subject of the defection of the Western counties. Soon after the organization of the Legislature of the State of Franklin, and the appointment of the principal officers, a communication was addressed to Alexander Martin, Esq., Governor of North Carolina, signed by John Sevier, Governor, and Landon Carter and William Cage as Speakers of the Senate and House of Commons of the State of Franklin, announcing that they and part of the inhabitants of the territory lately ceded to Congress, had declared themselves independent of the State of North Carolina, and no longer considered themselves under the authority and jurisdiction of the same, and assigning the reasons for their separation. This formal Declaration of Independence, officially communicated by the functionaries of Franklin, and transmitted to the Executive of North Carolina, induced Governor Martin to issue his circular under date Danbury, April 7, 1785, to the members of Council requiring them to meet him at Hillsborough on the 22nd inst. In his circular, he goes on to say that the inhabitants of the Western counties "had declared themselves independent of the State of North Carolina, and have refused, and do refuse to pay obedience to the jurisdiction and sovereignty of the same;" and he convenes them at Hillsborough "then and there in your wisdom to deliberate and advise the measures necessary to be taken on this occasion."

Three days after the meeting of his Council, Gov. Martin issued a Proclamation as follows: "Whereas I have received undoubted information of the revolt of the inhabitants of Washington, Greene and Sullivan counties, who have declared themselves independent of the State of North Carolina under the name of the State of Franklin," and then convenes the Legislature on the 1st of June.—Upon the same day he issued also a spirited and elaborate Manifesto to the inhabitants of the revolted country, which is too long to be here inserted. Throughout its entire length, he no where uses the words rebellion, rebel, disloyalist, disloyalty—traitor or treason. The calm words of persuasion—of reason and argument—of conciliatory appeals to their interest—their pride, and even to their past achievements in arms at King's Mountain and elsewhere, are brought to bear upon their present position.

A document such as this, emanating from the highest authority known to the sovereignty of North Carolina, conceived in language and spirit at once conciliatory and respectful, though earnest and firm, could not be wholly disregarded, and was not without its influence upon the reflecting and considerate. Copies of it, in manuscript, were distributed and read amongst the citizens of the new State. A close scrutiny, into the measure of separation that had been adopted, was instituted. A few had, from the first, advised adherence to the mother State.—Their number had increased after the repeal of the Cession Act. To such, the Manifesto of Gov. Martin furnished new weapons against Franklin and their present rulers. But no one contemplated or advised a permanent connection between North Carolina and her Western counties, as a return to their former allegiance must soon be succeeded by another separation from her, perhaps not less difficult or of less questionable validity. The policy of ceding the Western territory to Congress, might ultimately be re-adopted, and the existing imbecile condition of the Confederation, led no one to think favorably of that alternative. A very large majority of the people, therefore, remained firm in their attachment to the new Commonwealth. Its machinery worked well. Law was thus far effectually administered. Treaties for the acquisition of new Indian Lands were contemplated, the settlements were daily augmenting in number and strength, and the new government was acquiring vigor and stability from a proposed annexation of a part of Virginia. Besides this, there was a charm in the idea of independence. The Manifesto itself evidently contemplated and seemed to sanction a separation, as not improbable at an early day; and, as in the minds of most men, the question was one merely as to time, it was almost unanimously determined by the people to maintain their present position. The authorities of Franklin so decided also. Gov. Sevier, accordingly, on the 14th of May, addressed to Gov. Caswell—who had succeeded Martin, in the executive chair of North Carolina, his Manifesto in reply, exculpating the authorities and people of Franklin from the charges set forth in the Manifesto of Governor Martin, assuring him of the continued regard and consideration cherished for the mother State by the Western people, first in taking up and adopting her Constitution and laws and other acts of legislation evincive of a disposition to promote the mutual benefit of each party, and to conciliate all existing embarrassments in accordance with right and justice.

To this counter manifesto of the Governor of Franklin, Governor Caswell replied, under date, Kinston, N. C., June 17, 1785, in which he says that the Assembly of North Carolina had failed to meet, as requested by his predecessor, and that, therefore, the sense of that body could not be had in reference to the subjects pending between the two parties, and that the matter should be laid before the next General As-

sembly. But he warns Governor Sevier not to consider this as giving countenance, by the Executive of the State, to any measures lately pursued by the Western people. The tone of Gov. Caswell's letter is not only courteous but kind.

Governor Sevier further writes, October 17, 1785, that the Franklin Assembly had appointed a Commissioner to wait on the North Carolina Assembly, with some resolves entered into by the former; and goes on to assure his Excellency "that it was not from any disgust or uneasiness, that we had while under the parent State, that occasioned the separation," and "that at the time of our declaration, we had not the most distant idea that we should give any umbrage to our parent State, but, on the other hand, thought your Legislature tolerated the separation. I am able, in truth, to say that the people of this country wish to do nothing that will be inconsistent with the honor and interest of each party: they regard North Carolina with particular affection, and will never cease to feel an interest in whatever may concern her honor and safety, and our hearty and kind wishes will always attend the parent State."

Before this letter was written, Governor Sevier had already concluded a satisfactory treaty with the Indians, and felt neither the disposition nor necessity of replying to a part of Gov. Caswell's letter which related to Indian Affairs. It seems to have been wholly disregarded West of the mountains; for in August the Assembly of Franklin met again, and legislated further in promotion of the ulterior views of the new Government, encouraging an expedition down the Tennessee river on its Western side and to take possession of the great bend of that river, under titles derived from the State of Georgia.

In the meantime, Col. Joseph Martin, who had received the appointment of Indian Agent for North Carolina, visited Chota and other Cherokee towns and reported to Governor Caswell that the rapid encroachments of the people of the new State upon the Indian lands, together with Talks from the Western Tribes and from the Spaniards, indicated renewed hostilities by the Indians, instigated by Spain, which now claimed much of the Western country, and the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi river. This intelligence had previously reached the people of Franklin, and furnished additional arguments for a continued separation from North Carolina. As the interests and dangers of the Western people were peculiar, they chose to exercise the control of their own policy and means of defence, and to adapt these to the exigencies of their own condition. Mutual exposure and common wants had generated a close alliance between themselves, and the inhabitants of the co-terminous section of Virginia; and the contagion of independence and separation soon extended to Washington county, of that State, and threatened the dismemberment of the Old Dominion. Patrick Henry was, at that time,

in the Executive Chair, and much as he had, in 1776, advocated the separation of the Colonies from Great Britain, he now opposed, with equal earnestness, the disintegration of the State of Virginia. In his Message to the Legislature, he combated the measure at great length, and with his usual ability; but like Martin and Caswell, advised moderation and leniency with the disaffected people of Western Virginia.—These malcontents had proposed a new Constitution, and such boundaries for their new State, under the name of *Frankland*, as embraced not only the people and State of Franklin, but much of the territory of Virginia, and the present Kentucky, on the North, and of Georgia, and what is now Alabama, on the South—extending to the streams that are the affluents of Mobile Bay. The Western soldiery had carried their conquests nearly to these limits, and it was propably the right of conquest alone, which suggested the extent of the new Commonwealth. This magnificent *projet* of the Virginia Franks, received the support of few men anywhere, and was abandoned soon after by its friends.

It was not so, however, with the revolted people of North Carolina. They continued to exercise all the functions of an independent government, and under forms anomalous and perplexing beyond example, were adopting measures to improve and perfect their system, and maintain their integrity and separation. Thus far they had legislated and had administered law, had held treaties and acquired territory, under the expedient of a temporary adoption of the Constitution and existing laws of the parent State. It remained yet for the people to adopt or reject the form of government that had been prepared by the Convention, to whom that duty belonged. That body, and also the Franklin Assembly, at its August session, had recommended to the people to choose a Convention for the purpose of ratifying the proposed Constitution, or of altering it as they should instruct. The election was held accordingly. The instrument that had been prepared had excited acrimonious debates and great contrariety of opinion. Some of its provisions being novel, were viewed as innovations upon the laws and usages to which the voters had been accustomed. Instructions were poured in upon the Convention from all parts of the country in opposition to the exceptionable clauses. Such diversity of opinion existed as to cause its immediate rejection. The Constitution of North Carolina was then presented for the new State, and being slightly altered or remodeled, was adopted. A variety of names was proposed for the new Commonwealth. Some were for calling it Franklin in honor of Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia, others Frankland, as the land of freemen. But by a small majority it was decided to name it Franklin.*

* For a copy of this rejected Constitution of Franklin, see Ramsey's Histo- of Tennessee, page 325 to 334, as there copied from the original pamphlet containing it. That pamphlet, with the author's library and extensive collection of manuscripts, antiquities &c., was burned together with his office and residence, by Burnside in 1863.

Before its adjournment, the Convention appointed General Cocke to present the Constitution as adopted, and a memorial to Congress applying for admission into the Union. He was not received, and no notice was taken of his mission.

Greeneville had now beeome the seat of the new Government. Its Court House was built of unhewn logs and covered with clapboards, and at first was occupied by the Court without a floor or a loft.—In this simple and unpretending chamber, the third Franklin Convention was held, and there the elaborated and original Constitution of the Commonwealth of Frankland was presented, angrily discussed, analyzed and rejected, and the Constitution of the State of Franklin adopted. In it the Commons assembled and deliberated, while the Senate convened in the old court room in Carr's house, which at this time had become the village tavern. Greeneville became the permanent capital of the new State, the seat of its Legislature, and the place where the Governor met his Council of State and projected and matured the measures of his foreign and domestic administration. Most loyal amongst the loyal to Sevier and to Franklin were the inhabitants of Greene county. There resided many of his captains and most of his officers of State. They were the last to abandon—they never did abandon him. Some of them may not have supported the Governor of Franklin, but none of them refused their support to John Sevier.

In the meantime, petitions were forwarded by the Western people, both to Congress and to the Legislature of North Carolina, in behalf of the new State, asking their favorable consideration of the policy of separation. It was hoped that public sentiment would be propitiated, and general harmony be restored; but new elements of strife had arisen during the session of the Convention, and new topics of discussion had been thrown out among the people. The dissentients comprised in their number, much of the wisdom and virtue of the body to which they belonged. The Deputies in the Convention had dissented; their constituents themselves could not harmonize: but gradually they acquiesced in the existing order of things at home.

But, abroad, there existed a further source of dissatisfaction. The Spaniards and the French were making great efforts to engross the trade with the Indians. Several of their agents, well supplied with the proper goods, were now on the North side of the Tennessee river. The Governor of New-Orleans and West-Florida had sent orders to the Chickasaws to banish from the country all who would not take the oath of allegiance to the Catholic King, whilst amongst the Cherokees and other Southern Tribes, there were emissaries from the Northern Indians, endeavoring to form an alliance, offensive, and defensive against the United States, and stimulating into life the bad passions of savages against the settlers on the exposed frontier.

NINA—HER EYES.

I KNOW the summers that can speak
As to the olive of thy cheek;
And of the gentle lineage, rare,
That crowns the midnight of thy hair;
BUT WHENCE, (*don't* send me to the skies)
The splendor, NINA, of those eyes!

Now, Nina! there's your needle; knit!
With lashes drooped a little bit;—
Letter to write, and much afraid
Of writing sun-lit!—give me shade!
Nay! there's a glimmer round your lips,
And now you'll dazzle—"past eclipse!"

As is the raiment of a knight
Radiant with living light;
Burnished as for the last excess
Of Honor and of Gentleness—
So Nina, (now look up a bit)
Thine eyes! Look on! my letter's writ.

GRANT AND LEE.

Who, to-day, would not rather be General Lee, *the rebel*, with his character for TRUTH and nobleness of soul unsullied even by the breath of suspicion, than to be General Grant, *the Loyalist*, dishonored by treachery, and disgraced by falsehood? "If any, speak, for him have I offended."

Who, we repeat, would not rather be General Lee, whose honor as a man, and whose patriotism as an American citizen may only be questioned as the right of revolution may be questioned; as the right of ten millions of freemen to local self-government may be questioned; as the *duty* to resist encroachment upon vested and vital rights may be questioned; as the doctrine, in short, enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and implied in the Federal Constitution, (as construed by Jefferson and Madison in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions) may be questioned, *and not otherwise!* Lee—crowned with the honor and affection of his people—with a fame as wide as

civilization—calmly and confidently appealing to time to do justice to his judgment, his motives and his record: who would not prefer to be such a man, than to be Grant, standing self-convicted of treachery to a friend, who had confided in his honor in a matter of high public concern; cornered in a base falsehood, and publicly exposed by the President of the United States and his Cabinet; humiliated, reft of personal honor, and "*none so poor to do him reverence?*"—*Logan County (Ohio) Gazette.*

THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF MISSISSIPPI.

THE geographical position of the State of Mississippi, so near the delta of the great river, and beyond the limits of even the last spurs of the Alleghany range, is not such as to raise in the mind of the observer, the presumption of much mineral wealth. And indeed, in the sense in which the phrase is usually understood, Mississippi cannot rank high alongside of California, Arizona, Nevada, or even her sister State of Tennessee. The geological formations of the State are such as, according to all experience, preclude the occurrence of metallic ores, with the single exception of iron. In the formation covering a few townships, of the extreme North-east, lead might possibly occur; but no indication of its presence has ever been discovered in the carboniferous limestone, either there or in the adjoining States. Lumps of rich lead ore are, it is true, not uncommonly found on the surface, all over the State; but this very universality of occurrence proves the action of some distributive agency, independent of the neighborhood of mines. The minerals which are sometimes found associated with the lead ore ("galena") in these lumps, such as Heavy Spar and Zinc Blende, seem to point to Arkansas as their home; and the frequency of their occurrence near the sites of old Indian villages, or the customary trails of the same people, suggests that it is they who have left these mineral erratics where we find them; since this ore was, and is now, used by them, both for paint and ammunition.

Iron ore (brown hematite, and ochre) is widely distributed all over the State, though not to the extent to which this is popularly supposed to be the case. A brown sand-stone (whose quartz grains are cemented by brown hematite, and whose curious concretionary forms, and constant occurrence on the crests of ridges, are the subject of popular remark) is very commonly thought to be an available iron ore. In reality, the amount of sand generally far exceeds that of the iron ore cement contained in the rock; and even when this is not the case, the

amount of available ore in a single locality, or within convenient reach of a furnace, is usually insufficient to justify the establishment of iron works on a large scale. For while these ores would yield an excellent quality of metal, the superior advantages enjoyed by adjoining States (whose coal and iron ore are sometimes extracted from the same mine) would render competition hopeless under ordinary circumstances.

The occurrence, at times, of layers of pure fibrous hematite ore, but more especially of that arch-deceiver of the unwary, Iron pyrites or sulphide of iron, has given rise to innumerable mining stories all over the State. In the most unpromising localities, shafts and galleries have been excavated in the loose marine sands of the age of the chalk, in pursuit of the "indications" given by silvery spangles of mica or concretions of iron pyrites, formed around some fossil stem, or between layers of lignitized wood. Loud and angry have been the contradictions, and sometimes denunciations experienced by the writer, when engaged in the ungrateful task of undeceiving those who, not unfrequently led on by designing rogues, were wasting their substance and their hopes upon the hopeless search. The mysterious disappearance at times, from the pockets of these miners, of a treasured "sulphur ball" of golden tint, more often led them to believe themselves robbed by an insidious enemy, than to attribute the holes in their pockets to the black powder of copperas sometimes found in their coat-lining.

With greater show of reason, gold has been sought in the extensive beds of gravel and shingle which exist in some portions of the State. Unfortunately, these beds are not situated at the foot of gold-bearing mountains, as is the case in California and elsewhere. The nearest gold-bearing rocks in the direction from which these beds have received their material, are those of south Missouri, and those not very rich. And as for what might have been brought down from the far West through the Missouri valley, it would doubtless have been considerably diluted by the time it reached Mississippi. It is not surprising, therefore, that only in a single instance, so far as I know, has gold been washed out of Mississippi gravel, to wit: three spangles, just large enough to be identified as gold, out of 20 bushels of gravel and sand.

Among the rocks composing this gravel, we find not unfrequently rounded fragments of agate, chalcedony, carnelian, etc., forming handsome gems when polished. These, of course, are derived from higher latitudes.—But at times, gems equally handsome may be cut from the great variety of fossil silicified wood, which occurs both in the tertiary and the more recent formations of the State.

It has been my good fortune not to have had to meet in the field the latest delusions on the subject of petroleum, supposed to be indicated in various sections of the State, by the beds of tertiary lignite; whose nauseous taste, when

imparted to the waters flowing from them, was supposed to be an unfailing indication of "oil."

Less unreasonable are the expectations of a company organized with the intention of boring for oil at Eastport, on the Tennessee river; where at least the oil-bearing formation exists, and the rocks, in places, have a most obnoxious odor of bitumen. Unfortunately, however, Eastport is just situated on the *edge* of a basin towards the centre of which (viz: in Lawrence county, Ala.,) oil has been found abundantly. So that in all probability the Eastport explorers will be boring *away* from the oil, rather than towards it.

But there are, in that immediate neighborhood, other materials about whose existence and value there can be no doubt.—For over four miles along the Tennessee river, the heights bordering its banks consist in great part of an excellent hydraulic limestone, known thereabouts as "black slate;" and extensive outcrops of the same exist father inland, on Yellow Creek. Its quality varies somewhat, but according to both analysis and practical test, the "setting" and hardening qualities of the cement made of the rock from three different localities, are equal to those of the best in market.

Overlying this rock we find in vicinity of Eastport a singular material—the residue, as it seems, of a decomposition of the solid hornstone occuring in the region; and consisting of almost chemically pure silvex in the form of a fine, starchlike powder, and of pearly whiteness. At several points, this stratum has been found 10 feet thick, and readily accessible by gallery workings.—With a very little judicious preparation of the mass as obtainable on the large scale, it forms a material which, on account of its purity and easy fusion in consequence of its naturally fine grain, could scarcely be excelled for the manufacture of glass. It is far purer than any natural sand; or a somewhat similar material found in Virginia and now largely consumed in New York city. Practical tests made with the Eastport silvex, both at Cincinnati and St. Louis, proved highly satisfactory; but owing perhaps to a want of technical knowledge on the part of the persons engaged in the enterprise, the shipment of the substance to the glass-houses does not appear to have realized the expectations which, with proper management, could scarcely have failed to be fulfilled.

A little farther south, still in the county of Tishomingo, we find a very extensive and unusually thick bed of a white pipe-clay, of such purity as to have served extensively the purpose, not only of whitewash, but also of "*Lily-white.*" This clay is highly refractory in the fire, and at many points occurs intermixed with white silvex to such an extent, the mass might without farther addition be worked into fire-brick of the best quality. The whitest of queens-ware could, of course, be made with ease; and even porcelain might, with the proper additions, be manufactured from it, so small is the amount of impurities in the mass.

In strong contrast with the latter, there occurs on the western edge of the stratum a deposit of (originally white) clay so strongly tinged with peroxide of iron, as to suggest its use as a pigment; I have long used it as "red chalk." The stratum is over 15 feet thick and probably miles in extent.

In the article of plastic, and especially of potter's clay, few States probably can compete with Mississippi, both as to quantity, quality and variety. In truth, in a goodly portion of the "Flatwoods" region of the State, the soil seems more suited to the potter's lathe than to agricultural purposes, and destined to become the Staffordshire of the Southwest. The home demand of the State for pottery is already to some extent supplied by home production of (for the most part) ware of excellent quality; but there is much room for increase as well as improvement in this respect, considering the abundance and excellence of materials. It is only in the prairie regions of the State, and in the "Cane Hills" bordering the Mississippi river south of Vicksburg, that these clays do not habitually occur; though belonging to formations reaching from the lower cretaceous to the quaternary period.

If it be asked which of the geological formations of the State is practically the most important, we should refer the inquirer to the later deposits of the quaternary, constituting the basis of the agricultural wealth of the country—viz: the soils that once caused cotton to be king, however erroneously. A detailed consideration of these soils does not come within the limits or purport of the present article; but however much may be said in their favor, they are assuredly not as "inexhaustible" as enthusiastic writers have caused them to be reputed. Without especially discussing the merits of the system of culture heretofore pursued, it may safely be said that it has been fearfully exhaustive; having laid waste, or rather perhaps, having brought about a condition of chronic debility, in a large portion of the finest uplands of the State. These soils cannot fairly be said to be exhausted save where, by dint of sheer neglect, they have been worn away by the unchecked action of rains until red sand or hardpan alone remain. Otherwise, their surface only has thus far been scratched, so that deeper tillage with stimulant manures and a wiser system of culture will generally suffice to reclaim them. But *without* the use of stimulants, this would be but a weary task; and little likely to be performed had those substances to be brought from a distance and paid for by the barrel or ton with hard cash. Fortunately, nature has vouchsafed to the State such an abundant supply of natural fertilizers as has fallen to the lot of few territories of equal extent. Nor are these stimulants only, but in a great degree true, *nutritive* manures.

The *marls* of Mississippi constitute probably the most valuable of her mineral resources; for they insure the permanent fertility of lands which, however rich at first, must inevitably be rendered ster-

ile before long by severe cropping without returns to the soil; as is still almost universally the prevailing practice west of the Alleghany ranges. The supply of guano and artificial manures is so hopelessly inadequate to a general demand, that deposits of marls and greensands must before long rise to an importance scarcely second to that of coal beds; witness the marl-beds of Virginia, whose quality nevertheless is, on the whole, greatly inferior to that of the Mississippi marls. In the latter a large proportion of *greensand* grains is widely diffused through the calcareous mass; thus combining the stimulating qualities of a marl with the directly fertilizing ones of the New Jersey greensands which now forms an important article of trade in that and the surrounding States. For transportation to a distance, the greensand is concentrated by mechanical separation from the inert particles of the crude material; an operation which, of course, is equally practicable in Mississippi. Thus, for example, the greensand material occurring at Vaiden Station on the Mississippi Central railroad, as well as on the Big Black river, and in adjoining portions of Attala county, is easily separated by washing into greensand almost pure (containing about 9 per cent of potash) and coarse siliceous sands. Similar conditions exist on the Chickasawhay river and its tributaries, convenient to the Mobile and Ohio railroad; as also in part of the region traversed by the Vicksburg and Meridian road. In the latter localities, some lime would remain with the greensand after washing. But in either case, the value of the resulting material as a fertilizer is such as notoriously will bear considerable transportation, even by railroad. But the main body of the marl region of South Mississippi extends across the State with a width of 25 to 30 miles, North of a line drawn from Vicksburg to Winchester, on the Chickasawhay river; it is therefore traversed by five rivers either now navigable or easily rendered so, viz: the Mississippi, Yazoo, Big Black, Pearl and Chickasawhay. It is easy to foresee that whenever a rational system of *farming* shall replace the exhaustive process of planting, heretofore pursued, these streams, as well as their larger tributaries, will be made available for the distribution over a wider area, of the really inexhaustible deposits of fertilizers, here provided by nature.

North Mississippi, also, has its greensand marl beds, of the same age and character as those of New Jersey, and covering a goodly area in the counties of Tippah, Pontotoc, and Chickasaw. Being situated mainly on a dividing ridge (between the waters of the Tombigby and Tallahatchie,) these beds are not as accessible as those of the Southern marl region, though not out of reach of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and likely, at a future time, to command the building of branch roads. The quality of these cretaceous greensand marls, though excellent at numerous points, is not on the whole, equal to that of the tertiary marls, above referred to.

The "Rotten Limestone"—the chalk-like rock, underlying the rich prairie country of Eastern Mississippi, through the centre of which runs the Mobile and Ohio railroad—is itself a marl which elsewhere would be valued, and will, doubtless, hereafter be appreciated where it is readily accessible. For, though its fertilizing effects, when used by itself, are far behind those of the marls thus far mentioned, it is peculiarly adapted to use as a composting material; the fine state of division to which it is readily reduced, together with a certain amount of clay, which it usually contains, rendering it nearly equal to burnt lime for this purpose. And while speaking of this rock, I may mention that much of it will answer for the manufacture of hydraulic cement, this being especially the case, where, to the great disgust of the natives, it has been found unfit for quicklime. Almost all the lime burnt from this rock, has, more or less, hydraulic properties; for which reason, it should not be pitted for any length of time, but used soon after slaking. The same is true of some of the white marls of South Mississippi.

Most of the lime used in the (North-eastern) prairie region is made of this rock, and some of it is pure enough for plastering. For agricultural purposes, no better article need be desired, unless it be such as is made from some of the limestones alternating with the marl strata, in the marl region, e. g. near Pontotoc; which is almost as rich in greensand grains as the marl itself, and rendered more energetic by the burning process.

Very good limestone for quicklime, however, occurs at numerous points, both in the Northern and Southern marl regions; as also in some localities on the carboniferous area of Tishomingo county, where it is almost chemically pure carbonate of lime.

Next in importance to the marls are the Lignite or Brown Coal beds of the State. Little heeded as they have been thus far, in a country of purely agricultural pursuits, and for the most part, covered with forests (which the cultivator treats as his particular enemies, industriously destroying every tree within his fence from the outset,) they must rapidly assert their intrinsic importance, in proportion as the change in our habits of production, rendered imperative by the consequences of the late war, shall have been more fully appreciated and carried into practice. It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the practical importance of immense beds of a material capable of replacing pit coal wherever an inferior article will answer the purpose. These beds extend from near the Tennessee line, in Tippah county, along the Western edge of the "Flatwoods" (a level tract bordering, on the West, the cretaceous or prairie region of the Tombigby) to the Northern limit of the tertiary marl region, before defined; being especially developed in the counties of Calhoun, Choctaw, Winston, and Neshoball, thus far, distant from railroads actually in operation. The projected line of the

New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern railroad, however will traverse the heart of the region.

On the waters of the Tallahatchie and Yallabusha rivers, these beds connect directly with those which, frequently cropping out on the edge of the great Mississippi bottom, down to Vicksburg, were perhaps the first noticed. Here, the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, from Memphis to Grenada, traverses their region of occurrence; and at Water Valley, the machine shops of the Mississippi Central railroad are in part supplied from a bed in the "Otuckalofa Hills." The want of the careful cording and seasoning required by this kind of fuel, to counteract its tendency to cleave and crumble, has thus far stood greatly in the way of the appreciation it will be certain to receive, when better known.

The workable beds are from 3 to 12 feet in thickness, and mostly accessible by galleries into the hillsides.

In connection with these beds, or at least in the clays usually accompanying them, there have sometimes been found small deposits of a mineral greatly resembling true coal, or Asphaltum. The substance is manifestly nothing more than a fossilized resin, which at times occurs almost in its fresh state, resembling "sweet gum." As may be supposed, its quantity is quite insignificant, rarely reaching a bushel; and of course it has no connection with petroleum wells.

As regards building materials, it may be said that the State is thinly supplied with building stones, whose occurrence is confined to limited areas. But the best of brick clay abounds everywhere, forming the subsoil; and whenever the manufacture of artificial sandstone shall be duly appreciated, the superabundant and beautifully variegated sands underlying that subsoil will form a most eligible material.

Gravel and shingle, also, occur abundantly in many portions of the State, as before mentioned.

If, finally, we consider the quantity and quality of water available to the inhabitants of Mississippi, the State might, in the whole, be said to be but poorly watered, were it not for the facility with which artesian, or at least, bored wells in which the water rises to within convenient reach, can be obtained where seep wells are impracticable. Such is the case in the cretaceous, as well as in the tertiary or southern marl region. In the former, bored wells are almost universally used; in the latter, but few attempts have been made, whose failure was evidently owing purely to inexperience on the part of the workmen. Having studied the region with special reference to this subject, I feel confident that even flowing wells can be obtained there at many points; and the matter is the more worthy of the serious consideration of the inhabitants, because instead of resorting to cisterns, a large portion of the population are medicating themselves continually with waters obtained in shallow wells, or from springs, and so strongly impregnated with mineral matter, as

to impair seriously the health of persons using them.

There exists a singular popular delusion concerning mineral waters. They are regarded as intrinsically "healthy," and preferable to common freestone water; as though the gypsum, bittern, Epsom, Glauber and other salts which they here contain, were any less truly medicines, whose legitimate use is confined to particular cases and times, than if they had first passed through the druggist's bottles! Much of the reputed unhealthiness of the districts in which those waters occur, is attributable to no other cause than their indiscrimate use.

Let it not be supposed that the best of freestone well and spring water is not also found, in a very large portion of the State; where pebbles and white sand form the water-bearing strata. Springs of the purest, and coolest water, so abundant as to form brisk running creeks at once, burst forth from many a hillside, especially in the central portions of the State, where the accumulation of the quaternary ferruginous sands is greatest; and wells deriving their water from this widely prevalent formation, always yield excellent water. But its own stratification, as well as the surface which it overlies, are so exceedingly irregular, that of wells 50 yards apart, one may have the best of freestone water, while the other is sunk in the fetid "black mud" of the Lignite formation, and yields but a flattish, purgative, or on the other hand, a powerfully astringent water. Or again, no water at all may be met with at any reasonable depth.

Fortunately, the regularity of the winter rain-fall in Mississippi renders it an easy matter, with due care, to collect an abundant supply of cistern water; as well as "stock ponds" for cattle, where, as in the prairie country, the water-courses go dry during the summer months. Artesian wells, however, can doubtless be made available for this purpose in many portions of the State where no auger as yet has broken ground. The mud charged with vegetable muck, which in most, though not all, cases, forms the beds of the numerous water-courses of Mississippi, renders their water undesirable for human consumption in summer.

To the amateur of mineral waters, Mississippi offers a rich feast; for there is scarcely a known kind of "nature's own remedies" unrepresented, being in fact, inconveniently abundant in many regions, as before observed. Chalybeates of all varieties prevail largely, so as oftentimes to render it difficult for the housewife to conceal the yellow tint of her "clothes" by any amount of "blueing." Next to the Chalybeates, saline purgative, and sulphur waters occur most frequently. Few neighborhoods are without their mineral spring, or well, whose only recommendation sometimes appears to be its nauseous taste or smell; its healthiness being esteemed proportional thereto. Scores of mineral waters have thus, for a short time, enjoyed great popularity, and afterwards sunk into (sometimes unmerited) oblivion.

Cooper's Wells, and Lauderdale, as well as Iuka Springs, have steadily maintained a somewhat extended reputation; and that of others of minor note, but similar merits, will, doubtless, be resuscitated, whenever relaxation and amusement shall again find a recognized place in Southern life.

But before this can be, much serious work remains to be done, in the development of those resources and branches of industry, which a one-sided and exhaustive system of production has thus far caused to be neglected. And when that good time shall come, the dingy marls and lignites of Mississippi will be found fulfilling a higher and more truly important mission than could even the shining ores, whose absence we so frequently hear deplored.

WRITTEN in the 15th century and sent by the Duke of Clarence —house of York—with a white rose, to Lady Beauchamp, an adherent of the house of Lancaster.

"THE WHITE ROSE."

If thys fayre rose offend thye sighte—
  Placed inne thye bosomme bare,
'Twylle blush to finde itselfe less whyte
  And turne Lancastrynne there.

But iff thye rubye lipps it spye,
  As kiss it thou may'st deigne,
With envye pale 'twylle lose its dye
  And Yorkysh turne againe.

Written in the 19th century.

ANSWER TO "THE WHITE ROSE."

Yes—I will wear thy Yorkish rose,
  And—if it blush—'twill be
Because the heart beneath it glows
  To think it came from *thee.*

Yes, I will wear it on my breast,
  And I will kiss it too—
Because it waves upon *thy* crest
  And not to change its hue.

Yet do I break no loyal vow
To wear this gift of thine,
The red rose still shall wreathe my *brow*,
The white my *heart* entwine.

Lexington, Ky. ROSA V. JEFFREY.

TWO DAY'S WALK IN SCOTLAND.

NATIONS to the outside world, are not unlike a painting, in the preparation of which, time, toil, suffering and expense, have not been spared. The work of art by a skillful mingling of objects and colors, gives in one view, a perfect conception of things widely separated, and it is only by a careful examination, and a minute analysis, we can compute the number of touches, and the weary hours of labor necessary to the perfection of that which is comprehended at a single glance. Thus it is with national greatness. Those who are charmed by the accounts of a nation's glory, and grandeur, generally fail to consider how much want, woe, poverty, wretchedness, and misery, are the principal components of so fair and beautiful a record, and that behind the thin film of national renown, is much that is far from pleasing and attractive.

Travelers in later times have few opportunities to study the individualities, which go to make up a national picture. The objects may all be of the same *genus*, but they differ vastly in degree, and their relation to the nation, taken as a whole. The greatest observer, of the last generation, remarked, "that there would be an end to all books of travel when the railroad system was completed," and might he not have added, an end to the study of national character through individuals. As now-a-days, one is whirled from city to city with lightning speed, they fail to fill the intervening spaces, and realize that along those rapid ways, live and move millions of people, who are drops in the great and surging waters of the political sea.

The sharp bracing air of a December morning quickened our steps, as turning our backs upon the beauties of the "Romantic old city of Edinburgh" we wound around the base of the rugged peak upon which her Castle is built, and bidding adieu to her Crescents and Squares, set our faces Northward, for a walk to St. Andrews, via Dunfermline and Lochleven. It was not so much to visit historical spots, as to get behind the mask which hides from stranger eyes, the inner working of national institutions.

In the suburbs of Edinburgh, one is ever sorely tempted to ling-

er. Nature has done so much for the place, that it is not wonderful public opinion centuries ago, previous to its assistance by art, pronounced it "*the fairest Capital of Europe.*" In addition to long lines of palatial residences, beautiful gardens, towering mountains, and fertile valleys, the environs are adorned with more than a dozen magnificent buildings, designed for the benefit, and alleviation of suffering humanity, and which have given to it the proud appellation, "City of Charities." Ragged boys, sorrowing orphans, decrepit fathers and mothers, and convalescing sufferers of every description, here find homes in the memorials of citizens, who, for public weal, forget the demands of kindred blood. The liberality of private benefactors is, no where, so remarkable in all Europe, and instead of homes for the friendless and wandering, one wonders if these imposing edifices are not the abodes of earth's great ones. Fourteen of these proud monuments may be counted from one stand-point, all of which have been founded by citizens of Edinburgh, during the past four hundred years. The noblest feature in them is, that a majority are for the education of indigent boys and girls.

The road to Dunfermline, the one along which Oliver Cromwell moved when advancing upon Charles II., inclines toward the Firth of Forth. It leads through a beautiful district, which every where bespeaks the culture of ages. Although winter, the verdure and freshness of the country are in striking contrast with the dull sombre appearance of the Edinburgh stonework. The flowers are still in bloom, beside the little cottages the rose and jasmine give forth sweet perfume, and the atmosphere feels more like an autumn than a winter day. Strangers who pass a winter in Scotland are surprised at the mildness of the climate. No sooner are you away from the sea coast, and outside the Highland counties, than the mean temperature is far milder than that of the Middle States of America. The thermometer rarely goes to zero, and work may be continued without interruption during the season. Rain and not cold or snow is the trial to which the inhabitants are subjected.

It does not require a lengthened journey north of the Tweed to discover your presence among a people whose language, manners, and customs differ in many and important respects from their Southern neighbors. Despite the intervention of railways, newspapers and a common literature, a people will cling to their own past history, be it in retaining the speech, or glorying in the deeds of their forefathers, and amalgamation with England has not, and cannot eradicate from Scottish character, the forms and imprints of centuries ago. A Scotchman's physiognomy, too, will betray him. His rough profile, coarse hair, shaggy eyebrows, ruddy complexion, and deep set eyes are the marks of Providence, which will abide with him wherever he may go.

Walking in Scotland will be found very agreeable. The roads

are good and alongside them every four or five miles are comfortable inns where the substantialities of life are abundant. Most generally on the great thoroughfares pedestrians are not forgotten, and a narrow gravel path raised above the road manifests an interest for the convenience of those who move in a primitive style. The hedges and stone walls keep them dry, while adding much to the beauty of the landscape. It is not usual to impose tolls, and as the community are taxed to keep the public ways in repair, considering that nine-tenths of the people walk, the blessing is not an undeserved one.

It is very curious even in buildings to discover the well known clanishness and sociability of Scotchmen. The abodes of the working classes are not spread over the country as in England, and in America, but are joined into little villages or communities, from which the men and women go forth to their daily labors on the surrounding places. The Scotchman is notoriously a social being, the Englishman the converse, and nothing more strongly evinces their tendencies than their different ways of living, for while a Scotchman seeks neighbors, an Englishman shuns them. The little villages usually standing on both sides the road, are neat in their appearance, and betoken a moderate amount of comfort.—The houses are very small and have a miserable ventilation.—During the passage of a stranger through a village, the display of children is highly creditable to the prolific tendencies of the people.

During our journey, we took occasion several times to enter these humble dwellings, and what was seen brought out a fact many times before and since impressed by similar sights, that a large amount of so-called British philanthropy might safely and profitably have been expended at home, and that had the English people attended more closely to the needs of their own laboring population, they would have been better employed than in meddling with the institutions of their colonies and neighbors. In one room fifteen by fifteen feet, with a small window and no floor, was a family of seven: a father, mother, grown up daughter, two sons, and two boarders. Not one of the seven could sign their name, and but two read a sentence. They ate, cooked and slept in the one room. We do not pretend to give this as a description of what the poorer classes are, but this much can be safely affirmed, that the case referred to is by no means an exceptional one, and that scenes as bad if not worse may be witnessed any day, under the shadow and in sight of the church spires of the "Modern Athens."

People in a foreign land are naturally curious. They are asked a great many questions, and it is hardly a breach of etiquette to return the compliment. Strangers, too, are far more observing than natives, and are more attentive to their customs. Most people love to talk of themselves, whether it be to tell of triumphs or sorrows. The Scotch laborer is no exception to this rule, and they will be found as most other peasantry, commu-

nicative, courteous, polite and confiding. The lower classes rarely realize the misery of their condition, and hence they are not backward in enlightening those who would investigate their domestic economy.

The question of subsistence naturally presents itself first.—The three staples of life with the Scotch laborer are potatoes, oatmeal and tea. These he uses with but little variation. The morning meal is oatmeal porridge with potatoes and tea; dinner, potatoes and oatmeal bread; supper, bread and tea. Upon this nourishment he must labor ten hours daily.—Meat is a rare luxury, and is seldom enjoyed more than once a week. A few vegetables fill up the bill. No one can deny that taking living examples as a test, the diet is healthful. Dr. Johnson, when in Scotland, complained that they fed men on what horses ate in England. "And where," replied some Scotchman, "do you find *such* men and *such* horses?" The physique of Scotchmen is not very striking, but experiments demonstrate that they not only attain their maturity later in life, but exceed Englishmen in strength by one-twentieth. The Scotch are not a handsome people. The men and women, excepting in some Highland districts, are not tall, but remarkably well made and developed. No man stands fatigue better than a Scotchman. He is successful in competition with any race or people. He usually rises in the world, and where circumstances are equal the lapse of a few years serve to exalt him, when thrown side by side with men of another nationality. The restricted bounds of his native land impel him to seek a home elsewhere, and the old English Judge was not far wrong, when being irritated by the obstinacy of a Highlander, he exclaimed: "If you were to go to the north pole you would find a Scotchman straddling it." A partial explanation of his success is undoubtedly attributable to the invigorating and strengthening influences of the climate, in which he is reared.

Nothing in passing through Scotland strikes one more strangely than the large number of women engaged in field labor. It may be safely said of the agricultural counties that three-fifths of the persons at work are girls or women. We have counted as many as forty in one enclosure.—The sad part of the story is that most of them are mothers, and while they are in the fields toiling for a dollar and sixty-eight cents a week, their little ones are alone in their cabins. It is well for the invectives of the English language that such things do not happen abroad. Rain or shine, these women are at their work. Sometimes during the hour of rest they may steal away to see that their children are safe, but the pleasure is a brief one, and at the appointed hour they must be at their tasks again. It would be well if the evil stopped, rather than began here. Women and men work side by side, and to this is in a measure owing the vast number of illegitimates that yearly blacken the registry of Scotland. In England, by law, men and women are separated while

engaged in agricultural labors.—There they are placed in separate gangs and a *gang-master* is placed over them, who pays twenty-five cents upon taking out the license before a Justice of the Peace, and upon the strength of this document, the holder is entitled to lead women and children to their daily toil. Such a measure has frequently been discussed in regard to Scotland, but hitherto nothing has been done, and years more of injury will pass before the English Parliament will do for Scotland what they have done for themselves.

There can be no doubt that while the Scottish calendar is better in most respects than those of other countries, it presents a horrible record of illegitimacy. There may be, and we contend that there are, special reasons why it is so, but the excuses which moderate the guilt of the delinquents, aggravate the sins of those who fail to legislate for the removal of so terrible a blight. Out of every one hundred births in Scotland, eleven are illegitimate. Is it because the Scotch peasantry are more depraved or debased than others? Facts answer in the negative. It may now be asked, what then are the reasons which account for such laxity in morals?

The first reason is the bringing of both sexes into the bothy, by which they are removed from all parental control and social restraint. It may be well to enquire what has necessitated the *bothy*. The obvious answer is the large farm mania which seventy-five years ago, sent thousands of the peasantry to exile and starvation, while entirely changing the agricultural system. Proprietors about that time began to discover, that small tenants could not, or would not, improve their lands as they demanded, and consequently they turned out tenants from time to time, until they were able to offer to one person, a considerable tract. Under these circumstances, every one could not hold leases, and the rejected many must be employed by the chosen few.

In order to meet this new state of things, the unmarried servants have their dwellings on the Steading, or farm. The males live in one portion of the house, or place, the females in another. It is not difficult to apprehend the fearful results. Demoralized and brutalized by the absence of all restraint, the sexes thrown together, in this manner, soon forget shame, self-respect, and virtue. There are few farms without such institutions. Good men frequently do what they can to alleviate the evil, but it matters not how strict the discipline, much harm must flow from so pernicious a custom. The institution of family government must be retained, where morality would be inculcated. The Legislature is either unable or unwilling to remedy this great and crying evil, and amid the almost unexampled progression and improvement of Scotland, it stands as a mournful commentary upon the indifference of a people to the abuses of a past age.

The second reason has its foundation in the mingling of the sexes during their daily labor; while a third explanation is the

state of the Law. Scotland retains the Civil Law. By it a marriage, subsequent to the birth of a natural child, legitimates it, and parents can thus cancel the shame entailed upon their innocent offspring. Among the common people, the frequent recurrence of such events has taken away the disgrace, and the character of the girls does not suffer in public opinion, should their future conduct be exemplary. Girls often look upon such an event as a stepping-stone to marriage, and while it increases their prospects, with the partner of their guilt, it does not destroy their future chances for matrimony.

The wages of the laboring classes vary much in different localities. One hundred and thirty dollars per year, with a hut and a considerable quantity of oatmeal and potatoes, is the remuneration given the best class of farm hands. In the Highland districts it is far below this amount. The women are given from one dollar, to one dollar and seventy-five cents per week. For this, they work ten full hours. When hired by the day, or week, as a majority of hands are, a reduction is made in weather unsuitable for labor.—Men with families, who would lay up anything, must be strictly abstemious, and economical, lest in old age they will be compelled, after serving some farm the best portion of their lives, to seek an asylum, as a pauper, in a "poor house," the dietary of which, scientific calculations demonstrate, is just sufficient to sustain existence.

The pauperism of Scotland bears a favorable contrast with either England or Ireland. Here one in every twelve receives relief. While one in every twenty-seven inhabitants is a confirmed pauper. For the latter is expended, independent of private charities, more than three millions of dollars annually. The nobility, in many instances, are very liberal in relieving the necessities of the poor, on their estates, and the additional obligation imposed upon each parish to provide for the suffering, prevents, except in cases of pride, utter destitution. Yet many would starve rather than apply for assistance, and in time of commercial depression, the misery among the lower orders is enough to move a heart of stone. The feelings of a true Scotchman, who is ever proud, may be gathered from the exquisite lines of Burns (written under somewhat similar circumstances,) "Man was made to mourn."

Strong drink is the greatest enemy of the Scotch laborer. It is not as in America, confined to cities, but pervades the whole country, the rural districts exhibiting as alarming statistics as the centre of business. Some facetious writer in giving a report of a speech from the throne of hell, made the Devil to recognize Sir John Barleycorn as his principal agent in this country. Alas! it is too true. The coarse and unfeminine labors to which woman is subjected, so degrade, as to make her a frequent customer at the tippling house. While the men, deprived of the checks

which woman should ever impose, by the assistance of her example, tread more readily in the paths of destruction. The Scotch people drink less, but they drink far stronger liquors than Englishmen or Irishmen. To this cause is traceable much of the pauperism and misery, which is every where observable, and the wonderful success of the people, notwithstanding, is certainly something of which any nation may well be proud.

Scotland distils more than half the spirits made in the United Kingdom, although she has only one-tenth the population. Twelve millions of gallons are annually produced, of which they manage to dispose, among themselves of over five millions, in addition to a considerable quantity of imported beverages. Each inhabitant consumes about ten gallons, annually, on an average.

It is refreshing, doubtless, to turn from this to a more pleasant subject — that of Education.— Every year increases admiration for the wisdom of John Knox, and his contemporaries, to whom must be accorded the honor of laying the foundations for the proud record of general intelligence, which this country, to-day, so justly boasts. Had the Lords of the Congregation listened to their proposals for expending the revenues of the Confiscated Church property, for the support of schools among the people, there would now be abundant reason for blessing their wisdom and judgment, rather than execrating their dishonesty and rapacity. The Lords, among themselves, managed to add so much to their own domains, that but little was left for the purposes of education. Yet that little brought forth a rich harvest. How does Scotland compare with either England or Ireland? In England 20 persons out of every hundred are unable to read; in Ireland forty; in Scotland eleven; of native-born Scotchmen, only five. Education is in reach of every one. Each Parish has a school endowed by taxation, to which admittance is gained at a mere nominal price, not more than five or six cents per week. Beside this, it is the duty of the heritors in each Parish, to search out such children as are unable to pay this small amount, and to become responsible for their books and tuition, which is then taxed in the assessments. The Parish school-master is appointed for life, and has much to render him comfortable. Beyond his fees and fixed salary, he is given a neat, commodious house, and some clerkship, which yield one or two hundred dollars yearly. The various denominations in Scotland, independent of these Parish Schools, have more than three hundred thousand children in the institutions, subject to their control, which are materially assisted by Government grants.

Few of the poorer classes are ever able to enter the learned professions unless, with some exceptions in the case of the ministry. The education obtained in the schools is merely elementary—seldom comprehending classics, while the fees are effectual barriers even did they possess other qualifications. Most of the professions in this country

are close corporations and consequently prescribe the terms upon which new members can enter.—In medicine it is bad, in law worse. The Advocates, the only lawyers who can practice before all the courts of Scotland, are compelled, after a University course, to take three years in law, and upon becoming members of the Society, to pay twenty-five hundred dollars. It is surely a close corporation in more senses than one. Here, whatever a man's talent and genius, he must also possess money if he would become a lawyer. Despite these drawbacks, the obstinacy peculiar to Scotchmen requires a large amount of litigation, and necessarily a great number of lawyers.—The members of the legal profession are nearly twice as numerous as policemen, though one or two of the latter are stationed in every village, and at regular intervals over the country, at the rate of one to seventeen hundred people.

There is but little space left to speak of the method of farming.—The wonder is that agriculture is at all profitable, when the rent of good land ranges from seventeen to twenty-five dollars per acre.—There is a curious uniformity, in both the prices given and the length of time leases run. Which is to be accounted for by the fact, that six men own the half of Scotland. The vast influence Landlords possess over their tenantry is traceable to the same cause.—Leases always run for not less than nineteen years, and the farms vary in size from one to fifteen hundred acres, and have commodious dwellings and extensive outbuildings. They are taken upon the condition that crops shall rotate; which means that the lessee must, upon stipulated penalties, (generally forfeiture) plant all land under cultivation with five crops in a certain order.—Green crops, (potatoes or turnips) wheat, barley, grass, corn, (oats). Every fourth year the land must be manured with at least thirty tons per acre.

The number of hands employed on each place is astonishing. It is because so many of them are women and children. We have seen twenty persons following one reaper, and all seemingly busy. The women do the greater part of farm labor, and it is a great saving to agriculturists, because in such operations, as is necessary with most of the five crops, a woman can do as much as a man, while her wages are not half so great. It may be asked what the people do with the turnips produced upon one-fifth of the land in cultivation? They are eaten by the cattle and sheep, and during winter nothing else is served out. They are thrown upon the ground and the stock seem to enjoy them more than any other food.

We are sorry that our space forbids a description of the interesting spots visited on our journey. Especially Dunfermline and St. Andrews. At the former is the burial place of Robert Bruce, whose dust was exhumed forty years ago, and again consigned to earth, amid fitting ceremonies. Seven Scottish kings and queens lie beside him. It was formerly a royal residence, but is

now noted for its production of fine linen. St. Andrews is the second place of interest in Scotland. Every stone is a reminder of a past precious, in the eyes of Scotchmen. There George Wishart, his tongue stopped with an "Iron mask," was committed to the flames, there his persecutor, Cardinal Beaton, in his turn, had hasty justice meted him, while John Knox marched out of the ancient Castle to the ceaseless toils of a galley slave. Most people delight only in the past or future. If we have neglected an instructive and interesting past, it was to view in one aspect, a people who have played a conspicuous part in all that has given our Anglo-Saxon race, the proudest place in the history of humanity.

RUE.

The wild-eyed March has come again,
With frightened face and flying feet,
And hands just loosed from Winter's chain
Out-stretched the reluctant Spring to greet.

From her bleak hills across the lea
She sweeps with tresses backward blown;
And far out on the barren sea
She wails and sobs with piteous moan.

The leaves are whirled in eddying drifts,
Or hunted down the naked wold,
Where timidly the crocus lifts
Its shaken cup of green and gold.

Above the dark pool's ruffled breast
The swallow skims on glancing wing,
And from the brown elm's towering crest
I hear the earliest mock-bird sing.

Ah! well it were if bird or flower
Could still one pleasing vision raise,
Or Nature's voice had yet the power
To stir me, as in olden days

When, hand in hand, we wandered free
By wave-washed coast or mountain cove,
And but to breathe, was ecstacy,
While all I knew or dreamed was love.

But what avails her richest art
To him who cannot see nor hear?
Or what, from vacant eye and heart,
Can win one answering smile or tear?

The Spring will dress her narrow bed
With pansies and forget-me-nots,
And round her rest a fragrance shed
As sweet as her own virgin thoughts;

And, fainting in the dusky trees
That rock above her dreamless sleep,
With drowsy hum of murmuring bees,
A solemn hush will Summer keep;

And Autumn feed with thousand rills
The drouth of willow-margined streams,
And light the sadness of the hills
With crimson and with golden gleams;

But unto me all hours that fly
Bring only chill December's gloom,
And hear, for aye, one deathless cry
That wakes no echo from the tomb.

O, vanished form! O, silent lips!
So meek, so wise—O, truest wife!
The shadow of a drear eclipse
Has darkened all my weary life.

Thou knowest all my hidden woe,
Thou seest all my secret tears,
And only thou and God can know
How love grows wider with the years.

O, guard and guide my wandering feet,
Bring comfort to these aching eyes,
Be ever near me 'till we meet
Beyond this rack of storm-swept skies.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

FAR away north, in Denmark, there lived a man named Hans Christian Andersen, to whom the moon was wont to narrate many of the curious things which she saw in her nightly journeys over the world. These he wrote down and published in a little book, which has been translated into every civilized tongue. Now, the moon speaks English as well as Danish, and perhaps seeing how sad I was when I looked on the condition of my native Southern land, and its oppressed people, and wishing to amuse me, she told me too, of many sights she had seen—some pleasant and some sad,—bright and dark intermingled, like the web of human life. Some of these, I will now relate as she told them to me.

NO. 1.

During the late war, I looked down on the wounded and dead of a Southern battle field. Dark groups were scattered over the plain. Some lay silent and still in death—their heart's blood soaked into the earth around them.—In some it was still welling forth freely, but their laborious respiration was growing hurried and short, and the cold death dews were standing on their foreheads.

The most of them were youths, born in wealth, carefully taught, gently nurtured, and trained to a patriotic love of their Southern native land, in defence of which they had fallen—fallen in doing that they religiously thought a duty.

A surgeon, his assistants and some officers, are going about, to give succor where it is not too late, and to receive and transmit the last messages of the dying to their distant families. A wounded young officer spoke: "Take my sword and send it to my father in Virginia. It was borne by his grandfather in the first war with the English. We fought for a like cause, the right of self-government, and it has not been disgraced in the hands of his descendant." "And take mine," said an older officer, "and send it to my widow in Texas, and tell her to hang it up, till our eldest boy can wield it, and then—" "Peace, my darling brother," said a dying soldier near, "let not our last moments be filled with ideas of vengeance, but with supplications to the Throne of Mercy."

"I was wrong, and thou art right, as thou always wer't, brother," said the officer, "and now, if thou hast the strength left, pray thou as beseems thy sacred calling." And the dying soldier, who was indeed a clergyman, raised his weakening voice, and prayed for their hard pressed native land, for their own souls soon to appear before their Maker, for the helpless ones at home, soon to be left orphans and widows, and then prayed for their enemies—that He would forgive them for having made cruel war on their former brethren, because they wished, in accordance with

the political doctrines of their common ancestors, to be allowed to govern themselves in peace, and lastly, if it should be His will that the Southern people should be conquered, that the hearts of their conquerors might be filled with a generous pity for those who could no longer resist. With a deep Amen, the searchers moved on to seek others, for whom aid might not be too late. They came to another part of the field, where more lay, who were wounded to the death. "Give me some water," said a handsome, delicate lad from Arkansas, his young life's blood welling from a ghastly wound in his breast, and his lips parched with thirst. They gave him water. He drank eagerly and long, and his voice grew stronger. "No need to examine me, doctor, I must die in an hour. Cut a lock of my hair off, and send it to my mother in Arkansas. Tell her it is her Willie's hair, sent with his dying blessing, and that he has not disgraced his father's name. If our country is successful it will not let her, who has lost husband and son in its battles, suffer, and if it is not, a brave and generous foe will protect her helplessness."—Poor boy, he did not know that even while he spake, in his distant home in Arkansas, some of those generous foes—soldiers wearing the blue uniform, were at that moment holding burning coals to the naked feet of that shrieking mother, to make her tell of hidden plate, which they had been disappointed in not finding. She had told them, and told them truly, that it had been sold to buy bread for the little ones, but they would not believe her. Poor Willie's death was enviable compared with hers.

No. 2.

I looked on two old men, the same night, one in a New England town, the other in the mountains of Virginia. Each had been a General in the late war. One is scorned and execrated by millions, and only lauded by a few thousands, because he is the enemy of those they hate, with a fiendish and insane hatred. The other is honored, loved, and lauded by the whole civilized world. One is rich in the plunder of prisoners, widows, and orphans. The other is poor, working daily for his daily living. I looked in at the windows of each, as they were about retiring to rest. The thought that will now and then strike the aged, of their near approach to that eternal resting place, the grave, struck both. The one called hoarsely for an opiate, to drown thought and procure sleep. His sleep was restless and disturbed. The other kneeled down meekly, and prayed, with humility and faith, while my rays rested lovingly on his white hair and beard. He then lay down, and slept like a peaceful and innocent child.

THE FAITH SHE PLIGHTED ME.

BY H. T. STANTON.

Her whiter hand lay lost in mine,
  The while she turned away,
To where the evening's flush of wine
  Went up the face of day:
"When all these Autumn leaves are shed,
  "And I—beyond the sea,
"You'll not forget, "oh love," I said,
  "The faith you've plighted me."

Her brown eyes, going outward far,
  Were silent in reply;
It seemed she thought some early star
  Would break the shadow'd sky:
"When seeds of spring are harvest grain,
  "And leaves in purple be,
"'You'll not forget'"—I said again—
  "The faith you've plighted me."

And shadows thickened where we stood,
  And night came on apace;
I saw a tear—the heart's true blood—
  Stand silent on her face:
"By these two hands at parting met,
  "By sacred tears I see,
"I know, dear love, you'll not forget
  "The faith you've plighted me.

Then came her full heart from her eyes,
  Turned liquidly to mine:
"Did Eve forget her Paradise
  Beneath another vine?

"No, no!" she said, "the waves may fling
"Their whiteness on the sea,
"Nor time, nor tide, nor death shall bring,
"Forgetfulness to me!"

* * * * * * *

I went where science, learning, art,
Heaped memorable piles,
I felt the great world's pulsing heart
Beat in the flower isles;
I saw the countless, soul-full eyes,
That sparkle in the dance,
Beneath their rich Italian skies,
Their fruity hills of France.

The Scottish truth—the Irish grace,
The German's frugal care;
In every shape the human face,
And beauty, everywhere;
And Summer, and the Autumn came,
And leaves were in their fall;
I held her image here, the same,
An Idol over all.

* * * * * * *

You mark the pale, proud woman, there,
Beneath the astral shine;
Despite such blossoms in her hair,
Her heart showed pulse to mine;
I brought the sunset back to night,
From out beyond the sea,
I dared not think she held so light
The faith she plighted me.

I clutched the goblet, as a vice,
And pledged her, thus, in wine:
"May Eve forget her Paradise,
"Beneath another vine!"
And then, I said: "The waves may fling
"Their whiteness o'er the sea,
"Nor time, nor tide, nor death, shall bring
"Forgetfulness to me."

Oh, friend! I tune no syren tongue,
No human voice, or tears,
In all the world I dwelt among
No eye had truth like hers.
I pass no more the fatal spot;
No more the shadows see,
Since she, who loved, so soon forgot
The faith she plighted me.

MAYSVILLE, KY.,

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

WE sat in perfect silence, like two statues, neither moving nor speaking; I scarcely breathing and afraid to move a single muscle, the only living thing about me was my heart which beat tumultuously as if it would leap from my bosom, while I could hear his short, irregular breath as if it issued from between compressed lips and tightly clenched teeth.

At last I ventured to look at him, raising my eyes by slow degrees to his face. I was shocked at the alteration in his appearance, his brow and lips contracted as if in pain, while heavy lines were on his forehead and about his mouth. Yet he was exceedingly handsome for all that; a species of attractiveness that moved my woman's heart more than the full enjoyment of health and spirits could have done. For a moment I forgot everything in a loving pity that made me long to tell him all, that I wanted but the privilege of comforting him, ministering to him with all the tenderness of a woman's love.

"Miss Ashburton"—how my heart bounded and throbbed! but he did not look towards me, his brow still knit as if in suffering.

"I came with my father this morning—you know for what—at least I judge you have been so informed. You must know also that I am no fit wooer for any lady. I have no heart to offer.—To please my father, when he almost went on his knees to me and begged me as if every word was wrung from despair, I obey and came to do what I have feeling enough yet to revolt from. How can I ask you to yield your consent to such a proposal—to give up the happiness that might be yours with one who loved you and whom you loved — to be tied for life to a poor, dead object like myself?"

He paused as if awaiting my

Continued from page 388.

answer, still without looking at me. Oh! if I only could have obeyed the impulse of my feelings to cast off that ill-timed reserve, ill-timed because he was crushed, and forsaken by all the world; to tell him that I loved him—I could not say for how long—would love him to the end; that I would be to him what no one else would—what I could never be to another. To be able to do this—oh! how I wished I could! But a rigidity came over my limbs, a stiffening of the muscles, my tongue was glued to the roof of my mouth, my lips remained immovable.—I could not say to him what I wished and could say nothing less.

He mistook my silence for the bashfulness of an awkward country girl—it must have added to his disgust at the fate intended for him—so senseless and stupid as I must have appeared at that moment.

"Speak, Miss Ashburton," he said with a slight accent of weariness and impatience in his tone, "will you take me as I am, to make my father happy? to gratify him in the only thing that life has left for him? He thinks to make me happier, to relieve his own feelings of some of the burden of our misfortunes. If you will be that, say so; if not, let your mind be known at once, and you may be very sure that you will not be so disturbed again—you nor any one." He spoke bitterly.

"I—I would like—that is my feeling," here that obstinate delicacy sealed my stammering lips, and, unable to express myself, I held my head down while a tear coursed its way down my cheek.

"Does this thing cause you also such distress?" he asked with some concern on his rigid face. "Young lady, if you do not wish it,—it is natural you should not,—tell me, and be assured that you shall be rid at once of such annoyance. Pardon my manner," he said more gently, "I am very wretched, and abhor life and everything connected with it; almost everybody too."

"Very wretched," his brows contracted yet more painfully, and the deep lines worked about his mouth, "very miserable, and consequently very inconsiderate also."

Wretched! poor Alfred. I was half afraid of him in his deep man's grief, and looked at him with awe. He was now awaiting my answer with scarcely restrained impatience, as if it was beyond his endurance to retain one position so long, when a restless misery goaded him into constant action.

Such a wooing. But I wanted the liberty and power to soothe, and my heart was so full of pitying tenderness. Could I let its well-springs flow for nothing, when they might moisten the parched, barren wilderness of his? if not making it blossom with the roses of love, at least of human kindness and heavenly mercy?

"Will you accept this wreck and ruin of a man, to drag out your own young life with? He arose and folded his arms as if to restrain his restlessness and impatience.

I *must* answer. My lips *must*

unclose themselves and say something, I knew not what.

Despair gave me strength. The invisible, iron chain that shackled my limbs, partially fell away. Where I had been cold and rigid as a lump of ice, I suddenly became hot with the boiling blood that surged to my face as if my veins ran fire.

So I went to him, took his hand and pressed it to my lips and murmured confusedly, "I will go with you anywhere."

"Poor child!" he said sorrowfully, "you have chosen most unwisely. *I* can do nothing but to make you miserable."

He groaned in anguish, and walked across the room.

At this moment our father's appeared near the door.

"Father," said Alfred, approaching the old gentleman," you have a daughter. Speak to her and say what I cannot."

"Let us go when you can." He threw himself down in a restless way, and beat the window sill unconsciously with his fingers.

"Is it so?" replied the elder Mr. Chauncey, approaching me gently. "Then, I must salute my new daughter." He stooped and kissed my forehead. "Many thanks, my child," he said in a low tone, broken by emotion, then louder: "Most heartily do I congratulate myself upon obtaining such a daughter-in-law."

He shook hands with my parents, pressed mine in his own again, then went up to poor Alfred, who was, apparently, unconscious of everything transpiring around him, his head supported by an arm resting on the sill, his eyes cast down in gloomy thought.

"Alfred," said his father softly, as if addressing an invalid, "we will have to bid our adieu for the present."

He took him by the arm and led him to me.

I timidly extended my hand. He took it with cold courtesy—it seemed to me aversion,—and bent his head in his distant, yet knightly manner.

I believe it was a relief to him to turn from me to my parents, there was a little less restraint in his manner.

His father endeavored to make up for deficiencies in him by his graceful affability and rapid flow of talk, glossing over the awkwardness of the scene as he could, causing me to wonder much at his power to do so at such a time, the smooth self-control of a man of the world.

They stepped into the carriage and were gone. So the interview was over and I was left to think.

Without stopping to speak to any one, almost knocking some one down the steps, hastened to my room, locked the door and threw myself breathlessly down.

It was over—I was engaged to him—my long, hopelessly beloved. As I felt just then, I would have given worlds to recall the interview—to spare myself the bitter humiliation I was suffering. Yet—inconsistency of human nature!—if it had been to go over again, in my power to recall it all, I should have acted in a precisely similar manner. The truth was that events had fallen partly in accordance with my own secret

wishes, yet not in the way I desired them to do; rather than lose him I would my woman's dignity.

Do not blame me, kind reader; human nature is very weak. Is it not often so, that we yield to our hearts' desires when we would so gladly have the power to stand firm; to be firm in the dignity we compromise by our weakness?

But I was very weak and very human; let that be my excuse.—The weak may pity and sympathize, the strong contemn and censure; I cannot help it.

We were to be married in six weeks; so our parents said, when two days after that, Alfred came with his father.

"Spare me," he said to me imploringly, "you will forgive my not coming often. You know my feelings. It is torture to me to act."

"Do not act," was all my reply, and the pain at my heart, pain for himself and for me, contracted the muscles of my lips so rigidly that I could say nothing more. Another effort and the tears that were welling up would have found vent in a fit of passionate weeping.

How despisable I must have appeared in his eyes! A common country girl so utterly devoid of all pride as to accept a man under such circumstances; he knowing nothing of course as to my mental qualifications and no doubt thinking me no better than I appeared.

The preparations had to be made rapidly. My mother insisted upan a handsome trousseau, which I steadily refused, shuddering when her conversation dwelt its details, to think of Alfred's suffering countenance, his reluctant wooing and the folly of preparation for a bridal that was more like a funeral. I would not even accompany her into town to make the necessary purchases, telling her that her choice would satisfy me perfectly.

She returned from the jaunt with several rich silks and some muslins, and, as I would not consent to the publicity of a mantuamaker, proceeded to cut them out and make them herself, secretly procuring from a city at some distance what she did not trust her own skill to prepare. I helped her, for I did not like to see her working for me so, and insisted upon resuming some of my old, forsaken duties.

Poor mother! At first she tried to gossip with me over my future prospects, but seeing how repugnant her way of commenting upon them was to me, some natural delicacy sealed her lips and spared me what was the most unendurable of all;—vulgar pride in connection with one like Alfred;—gossipping under her breath as far as she dared with one or two of her neighbors—the confidential friends.

As soon as the astounding fact of my engagement was noised abroad, innumerable calls were made at the farm. I had anticipated this seige of vulgar curiosity and made my mind up as to how I would free myself from exposure to its attacks, either absenting myself in my room when I saw them coming or maintaining a freezing dignity on my on affairs that repelled their familiar questioning.

One old lady insisted even upon following me to my room and called out in tones rendered nasal with snuff:

"Well, Mary, if ye're goin' to be married, ye might as well own up, girl, and let me see what ye're makin' for yer grand house. You needn't be so proud and make believe you don't know your old friends. They're better than new to my thinking."

I went out then and met her kindly, but with a calm dignity, that caused her to retreat a step.

"I shall always prize old friends." I took her hand, "don't think that I am proud. There is not the slightest occasion for that. I am the same I always was, Mrs. Peacham."

"So ye're goin' to be married,?" she asked, peering curiously into my face, thinking this a favorable opportunity for putting the question direct.

"Let me help you down. My steps are rather steep for you." She looked at me again, but my manner was impenetrable.

"It's a sudden way of doin' things. I did'nt know he was a courtin' of you. I thought he was mad about that other gal. He must have changed his mind on a sudden."

"Good bye, Mrs. Peacham." We had reached the foot of the stairs, where I shook her hand with additional warmth, to prove that pride did not cause my reserve, and returned to my room. She left the passage to find mother, who may have been more communicative than I, yet not as much so as they wished from my urgent entreaties, to her, to be prudent.

Indeed my affairs must have created a wonderful sensation in the neighborhood:—an event so totally unexpected had not transpired before. Without the slightest rumor, not a word of preparation, the news of this event burst upon them. It was a hard task upon mother to parry their wondering questions far more curious than polite.

"Old Mr. Chauncey took a fancy to Mary," I heard her say in forced explanation, "and thought she would be just the one for his son after that mad love affair."

"Well, but has he got over that love affair, does Mary like him, and he like Mary? Are his circumstances improved? Is the Grove to be kept in the family," and a thousand other questions were poured out upon my poor mother, who answered them as best she could, taxing her ingenuity to make a plausible account of this singular affair.

They did not dare to trouble me when they saw that I would not permit it, shutting myself up in impenetrable reserve, and staying much in my own room. Yet some remarks reached my ears, not always complimentary.

"She need'nt hold her head so high," said one of my freckled-faced young neighbors, "she's only thought of for her old pappy's money. They wanted it to build themselves up with, and could'nt think of nothing else. I don't see what she's got to be proud of for my part. If it was

me, I'd be ashamed of being taken up so."

Some kind friend was officious enough to repeat the remark to mother, who, in great indignation, informed me of it, expecting me to resent it as she did. Coming from the source it did, I was not moved to particular resentment, and took no notice of it.

We were to be married in church, at an early hour; no one but our respective parents to be present at the ceremony, the deep mourning of some of the party forming the excuse for its strict privacy. I was to return with Alfred to the family mansion, while the elder Mr. Chauncey would set off directly for the home of one of his daughters, there to remain a long time.

I think he wished to spare himself the pain of witnessing Alfred's sufferings, letting affairs take their own course during his absence, two poor young hearts to manage as they could; then, when a sufficient time had elapsed to work a change of some sort, he would return and see for himself how matters were progressing.

I saw Alfred but seldom in the meantime, and upon these occasions his father brought him as a mere matter of form, in which he conducted himself still with cold courtesy, and I as a shy, country girl, speaking but in monosyllables, and apparently cold as himself.

As the day approached, the thought of it appalled me, the vows, the duties that I was then to take upon myself to one who loved me not. Would he perjure his own soul? But I did not think much. I was rather in a dream, and moved about as if nothing that surrounded me was real, the dear old familiar objects seeming strange and distant as if some magic wand had passed over, transforming them in some way. I attempted to improve the time by a preparation for my future duties; in reading that I might render myself a suitable companion for him, but failed to fix my mind upon one subject in its unsettled state.

Mother worried herself about my hands, insisting upon their being spared and rendered as white as possible in a short time, but I gently disobeyed her, and kept up some of my usual occupations, perfecting myself in many a little detail which seemed unnecessary in the future mistress of the Grove, yet which I thought might possibly be put into requisition. I would be prepared for any event in the future; whatever of an unpleasant nature might transpire it should not be attributable at least to my want of preparation.

So the weeks passed dreamily away and it was the night before the eve of my marriage, that eve so often written of in prose and poetry, but so different to me who would be a bride but in name.

I stood at my window. All the preparations were completed.—I had worked to the last, doing many little things I knew they would miss me in, and helping mother in every way I could. I wept much over the dear tasks, rendered so to me as the last perhaps I should do for them, and gave each a farewell lingering look as I tenderly put them away·

Now with awed silence, the dreaminess still upon me, I was before the window where I had been so often, looking towards his.

It was dark; not a shadow passed across the panes denoting his presence there. Where was he? He had been with his father at the farm that day, looking sterner, gloomier than ever. I trembled like a leaf in his presence, feeling the bitterest shame at my position, which he evidently regarded with contempt; about to be united as he was to one who had so little self-respect or dignity of womanhood as to consent to such a project, solely—as he must have believed—from motives of ambition; one too wanting in sense and spirit to have the character to reject what another would have treated with scorn.—Very contemptible I must have appeared to him, and strong was the love in my heart to enable me to endure that contempt, to permit what, had my love been less, no one would have resented so keenly as I.

Even father noticed his unusually stern manner and said to me in his rough way:

"Why, girl, that fellow's hankering after his sweetheart yet.—I wish you'd let him go after her, or bang the door in his face. I'd a thousand times rather you'd a had one of the neighbors' sons, who would honor and respect you, treat you with decency and not as this fellow."

"Nor do I approve of this, Mr. Ashburton," said my mother discontentedly, "and sorry I am she ever consented to be put in such a position where she's treated so."

"She never should have done it," pursued my father, "had it not been for her queer ways.—She'd never have anything to do with the young men of our acquaintance, they were kept far off. That induced me to allow this thing which I am most heartily sorry for."

To hear Alfred spoken of in this manner aroused me of course into his earnest defence until I had warmed myself into such boldness as to defy the world and every body in it.

"I consented," I replied, "knowing everything. He begged it of me as a favor that I would not expect his attendance during the engagement. I knew he loved another and accepted him under the circumstances of my own free choice. So what had I to expect but exactly what he told me, and if *I* find no fault and am satisfied, why should others complain?"

This silenced if it did not convince them, and I was permitted to pass the remainder of the day in peace.

And now as I sat at the window I was in a bewilderment of excitement, so dreamy that I could not believe I was awake.—The thought of my bridegroom's face awed and chilled me, and I wept as the dreary years before me, my unknown fate, presented itself. It might have been avoided, my reason whispered, you ought to have rejected this humiliation and consequent suffering.—Rejected! my heart started alarmed—oh! heart, thou hast hoped now and hope is so sweet. No indeed, I would give up the world,

every thing for you, Alfred; if I am but near you, let them talk as they will. I can but tend you and try to make you happier; from that I will derive pleasure and consolation. My heart can live upon that, where it would starve to be separated from you. Poor fellow! you don't know what a friend I am. The world has left you, but *I* never will while there is breath in me. Though unloved, faithful to the last. My future duties passed in review before me, and I examined them severally, appointing each its place in my mind: then kneeling down by the window, I prayed for assistance in performing each as I wished.

It was very late when my trembling limbs were laid down for repose, but not for sleep. That scarcely came. I lay as in a trance, my eyes seeing not the darkness,--but light everywhere,--a painful oppression of ecstacy at my heart, my hands clasped firmly across my breast, for I feared to destroy the illusion. The bliss of being near him, of not being separated from him. And was it *to-morrow!* It could not be possible! Surely I was dreaming.

All night I lay in that way. At eight in the morning we were to be married in the village church. As the morning approached, a light sleep stole over me, but I awoke in the grey of dawn, just before the sunrise. How chill and grey it looked, the landscape in its sombre aspect, so different from the mellow radiance of the night, the brilliancy of the stars that seemed to smile with their dazzling eyes sympathizingly into mine, the melting lustre of the moon, irradiating life with its dreamy, softening beams. Oh! it was now so different. I felt chilled to the heart, and afraid of him, to whom in a few hours, I was to be united,—so ignorant, weak, childish as I was, such a contrast to those with whom he had always associated. Oh! how could I face him continually?—so inferior a person as I!

I was frightened,—wished to draw back, to hide myself somewhere out of his way,—poor fluttering bird.

Mother came in with a drink of some kind for quieting the nerves and giving strength. I drank it eagerly and thankfully, but was still extremely agitated.

"Be quiet, child," she said, "you tremble like a leaf."

The whole house seemed different to me that morning; the old furniture wore an altered look. I never loved them as I did then, but they seemed to shrink away from me somehow, leaving me alone as I was the only discernable object. My little brothers were loud in their opposition to my marriage, and could hardly be induced to dress themselves to accompany us to the church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

In the sixteenth century, the powerful, haughty, graceful and chivalrous Spaniard stood first amongst the ruling men of the earth. The iron hoof of tyranny had not yet began its work of crushing out freedom of thought. Foremost in courage, enterprise, and learning, they also excelled all other men in arduous and hazardous enterprises. And never did richer, more dazzling reward lie within the grasp of bold navigators, than the magnificent continent of South America. No poet's most vivid fancy could conjure up a more radiant vision of wealth and beauty. The majestic rivers, the boundless prairies covered with the richest and most gorgeous flowers—the forests of gigantic trees, tree-ferns, and palms acacias and bamboos (and grasses forty feet in height) groves of myrtle, and wild fruits like those of Paradise, mingled with rainbow-hued birds, which glanced hither and thither in the checkered sun-light and shadow. Added to all this was the grandeur of scenery—the snow-capped mountains towering amid the clouds—the flaming volcanoes—the glittering lakes and rivers.

With his yet unsubdued energy, the gracefnl Spaniard bent his energies to the appropriation of all this beauty. He dotted the land with handsome churches, monasteries and cities. He spanned the rivers with substantial bridges. He looked forward to the time when South America would far out-strip Europe in political strength and national glory. And what is the result of all his labor? A collection of feeble governments, an inert and decreasing population, and a decaying commerce. Nueva Grenada extracted from her mines as late as the end of the last century, $3,000,000 per annum, and they now yield almost nothing, although the sources of supply are almost inexhaustible. The coinage of Bogota was $2,000,000 per annum, and that of the Mint of Popagan was $1,000,000 early in this century. Now these mints are idle, or nearly so. The trade of Ecuador does not increase!

The coinage of Peru in 1803, was $6,000,000. In 1855, it had decreased to $3,000,000, one-half!

According to the *Mercurio Peruano*, Peru owned in 1790, forty-one ships averaging 400 tons, and manned by 1,460 seamen.

It is a question whether her marine can now number the same amount. "The far-famed riches of Peru are now like the legends of the past, and with an immoral, degenerate, and indolent population, the result is not strange."

The Empire of Brazil, on the other hand, is steadily growing in wealth, population, and power.

The once noted silver mines of Potosi, in Bolivia, now yield only about $2,000,000 per annum.—During the long period from 1556 to 1780, over two centuries, the yield, according to the royal duties paid, was $2,400,000,000; and

as only a third paid duties for a long period, it could not have fallen short of $3,000,000,000, or about $13,000,000 per annum.

The population of this famous old town, celebrated in story and song, has decreased from 160,000 in 1611 down to 8,000 in 1825. It is now estimated at about 17,000. "Perhaps there is no such instance of decay in either hemisphere as Potosi presents." (North British, Nov. 1860.)

When the English Government recognized the independence of these South American Republics, her statesmen, critics and journalists of the Liberal party, grew eloquent over the theoretic reformation which was immediately to take place, when the Governments became free and the slaves were liberated.

"Their industry has been cramped, their minds have been held in ignorance by a bad government; hence they are ignorant and superstitious."—"But" said these glowing enthusiasts, "remove the *cause*, and the effects will cease to flow. So sweet are the fruits of labor, that the motives to it are *irresistible, and the activity of the enfranchised slave may be counted on with the certainty of a law of nature.*"

These cherished expectations have not yet been fulfilled, and like all plans built upon theory, instead of experience, were unworthy of thinking and educated men. Theorists shut their eyes and ears to the past, and only look and listen to the present and the future. That which has been shall be, yet we constantly hear the imbecile cry of "something new under the sun." Ages of experience of disaster, death and crime have failed to teach men that placing power in the hands of the weak, the ignorant and the vicious is placing edged tools in the hands of madmen.

With one of the healthful climates in the world, the population of the Spanish Republics has remained almost stationary for more than half a century. The Spanish were so largely engaged in the slave trade that her colonies were well stocked with Africans. The Indians and these negroes form a sort of mongrel population which, we fear, would be a bad ingredient in any state.—*All have the elective franchise*, however, and no property qualification is required. "Nothing," says the entertaining Colton in his 'Deck and Port,' "puzzles the stranger here so much as the singular mixture of races. The Spaniard, the Indian and the African run together like the hues of the dying dolphin. It is impossible to tell where one color begins and the other ceases. Even in the same families, complexions differ wide enough to embrace both extremes. The African in other countries can be traced, but here, after a few generations, you lose sight of his origin, and find them intermarried with families of distinction and wealth." Thus we find the once proud, pure-blooded Spaniard—descendant of Japhet—dispising his noble birthright by sharing it with the degraded descendant of Ham. Can any reasoning mind wonder at the condition of the South American Republics? The frightful mortal-

ity, which is found in these countries among children, will be seen from the following account of interments in one of the cemeteries of Valparaiso, one of the most enlightened cities:

1850.

April,	198,	of which	156	were	children	under	seven	years	of age.
May,	144,	"	119	"	"	"	"	"	"
June,	144,	"	88	"	"	"	"	"	"
July,	185,	"	124	"	"	"	"	"	"
August,	187,	"	135	"	"	"	"	"	"
September,	192,	"	124	"	"	"	"	"	"
Total,	1,050		746						

Statistics of the same year showed the illegitimacy to be 27 per cent. In the district of Concepcion, South of Chili, it is 30 per cent; and if this be about the average for Chili, some of the other Republics are in a much worse condition, and the only wonder is that the decrease of population is not even greater than it is.

"The frightful prevalence of diseases resulting from immorality, also brings its harvest of death. Dr. Mackenna, in reference mainly to this fact, says: 'Looking around the whole horizon (of Chili) we do not find a single spot that casts the germs of epidemic miasma towards our blue sky; nor can we find, upon our soil, any of the venomous reptiles infesting other countries. Yet, in the midst of this beautiful land, we see death cutting down the tender plants of the generation, leaving only the dried limbs, in whose veins flow the poisons that afflict society.'"—*North British*, Nov. 1860.

Strange as the fact may seem, it is true that the newly settled island continent of Australia, actually imports an annual amount in stirling value equal to the total imports of the whole Spanish American Republics, and that she exports at a similar ratio.

Yet it is a land like the "garden of the Lord" for beauty and fertility, with inexhaustible mineral treasure, and it was colonized by a noble and chivalrous people. This people, however, as was said before, displayed their princely birth-right, by allowing a degraded stream to mingle with their noble blood, and now they find it hard to find a place of repentance, although they seek it carefully with tears.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.*

CONSUMMATUM.

A DAY of darkness and great horror; a day in which all faces gathered blackness, and all hearts quivered with an agony of suffering, that brought strong men and little children as one in the dreadful equality of pain.

It was all over—all that the noblest race, that ever had its being could exhibit of quiet endurance and superhuman bravery, all that prudence and foresight could devise, and wisdom and energy carry into execution, had been exerted, and in vain! The strength of manhood, woman's purity, childhood's prayers and Christian blessings had been given to the Cause, and the Cause was lost!

Why it was, it is useless to ask, or to pry too curiously into the Providence of the inscrutable God who "creates evil" and permits it to triumph temporarily over good.

Leaving second causes and looking directly to God, we accept what He sends without wonder or comment, knowing that it must be best because He sends it, and leaving the proof to His own time.

It was all over—under the apple tree at Appomattox Court House, the sword that was as untarnished as the honor of its owner, had been surrendered to one who was in a position to demand it, and greater in defeat than others are in the fullness of triumph, General Lee had told his weeping veterans that he had done all he could for them, and in vain, and commending them to the protection of God, had exhorted them to go to their homes and be as faithful in the discharge of life's duties as they had been to him and their country.

The sad news spread over the land and the nation bowed in mortal agony; the great heart of the South was broken, and in all minds, but one hope lay dead for ever.

That mind was the one which had towered supreme in its greatness and spotless purity from the moment when, called by the unanimous voice of his country, he had assumed her burdens, and being constituted as the guardian of her honor, had thenceforth maintained it as unblemished as his own.

As Jehovah out of nothing created the universe, so under Him this faithful servant of His evolved from a chaotic national mass, a grand government, and laid the foundations of a noble national fabric which was worthy the admiration of all ages.

Nobly did he labor, through good report and through evil report, for the people of which he was chief, doing his duty with a singleness of purpose as to the "Lord and not unto men," and when, in the wild vagaries of popular fickleness, accusations were brought, and aspersions hurled against him, by those who could not fathom his motives, or master his policy, though he

* Continued from page 420.

might have cried unto the Lord with Moses under similar circumstances, "They be almost ready to stone me!" no murmur escaped his lips, but he remained calm and fearless in the discharge of conscientious duty.

And now, when all possibility of such a termination of the war as all had hoped for, had faded from the bosoms of even the most sanguine, he clung to it as closely as he had done in the hour of his country's triumph, and hoped even against hope, and with the very desperation of despair.

He had left Richmond, the city so identified with his name, bringing with him all that remained of the government, and was now domesticated in Charlotte, unconsciously exposed to dangers far greater than any he had left, and from which the greatest foresight and most tender devotion of his friends were powerless to protect him.

Blacker and still more black grew the national horizon of the Confederacy, now limited to the small region of country of which Charlotte was the center, Columbia, or what had once been Columbia, the frontier, and the hemmed in command of the Trans-Mississippi, under Kirby Smith, the out-post.

Charlotte was suddenly transformed from the quiet of an inland town, to all the bustle of the stand-point of the destiny of the South. Orderlies and Aids dashed up and down the pretty streets, grey and gold glittered on every thoroughfare, and at every step might be seen some form, which would tower through the coming future, and as one of the immortals who survive the wreck of time.

Nothing of the plans of the President and Cabinet was definitely known to the public, though from the unaltered bearing, and indomitable calmness of the former, an opinion prevailed that something affecting the general good must be known to him and those in his confidence, and this produced a feeling, which resulted in quieting the public mind, and inducing a belief that affairs were not quite so bad as they seemed.

Suddenly this seeming calm was exchanged for a wild unrest, and turbulent commotion, and the President and his Cabinet left Charlotte and began their disastrous journey Southward.

With a self-abnegation that was sublime, Mr. Davis refused to entertain any plan, which had for its object his personal safety.

"The country first; myself afterwards!" was his unfailing reply as repeated by one, who was to him as a son, and whose innate nobility well deserved the position which his relationship allowed. So, deaf to the suggestions of Mr. Mallory, who clung with unswerving fidelity to the fallen fortunes of him, who had proved so true a friend, and unmoved by the entreaties of the lion-hearted Breckinridge, the President occupied the time which might have been easily used to secure his escape, in vain endeavors to devise methods by which the ruin of the Cause might be retrieved, and an honorable peace obtained for the country.

A few days of intense suspense, wild reports and feverish excitement, and then the news of the President's capture came like a death-blow to his sorrowing people, and the South bowed her stately head and died.

In Richmond all was wild chaos, while a miserable accumulation of evils and aggressions, made the cup of her citizens ready to overflow with bitterness.

Among the crowd which filled St. Paul's a week previous to this memorable Sunday, when the stillness of the Sabbath was broken by the announcement, which fell like a wail from the pulpits of the various churches, a party was assembled in which hearts that had been brought to their Saviour's cross, by the softening and hallowing influence of suffering, which had been permitted to perfect its appointed work, were to profess Him openly before men, and to enroll themselves as soldiers to fight under His banner against the earth's great Trinity, the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

The white sleeved Bishop of Virginia, whose name is a household word, loaded with the blessings of the thousands to whose spiritual needs he has ministered with a father's tenderness, blended with the faithfulness of a true pastor, sat in his chair by the Altar, and as the last words of the Ascription with which the eloquent sermon was ended, died away and left the church to silence, he rose and in his silvery voice, desired the candidates for Confirmation to approach the Chancel.

In response to his call, a varied crowd pressed forward, and as the beautiful words of the Confirmation hymn floated from the choir, took up its station around the railing, which surrounded the Altar. Every age had its representative, from the hoary headed old man beginning God's service at the eleventh hour, to the golden haired girl, who, in the freshness of life's opening day, had consecrated herself to heaven.—The beautiful Confederate grey of noble men, who had won the right to wear it, was side by side with the black robes, which clad hearts sorrowing for those who would never wear the grey again, and the scene was imbued with a pathos, which touched all who looked on it.

Col. Preston rose, and opening his pew door, stood in the aisle, holding his prayer-book in a hand tremulous with emotion, as Charley removed the hat from her shining curls, and, preceeded by the Professor, walked quietly up to the Altar.

As she passed her Grandfather, the girl gave him a look of tender affection which made the old gentleman put up his lips and hastily return to the side of his wife, not, however, until Frank, leaning on his mother's arm, had passed out and taken his place by Charley's side.

Camille and Loui joined them from the pew in which they and the Estens sat. She had recieved the sacred rite at the hands of the Bishop during one of his Episcopal visits to Southside, but unwilling to leave her husband alone, and still following him with the ceaseless devotion, which en-

grossed her young life, she walked by the side on which the empty sleeve of grey, pinned across Loui's broad chest, told so eloquent a tale, and when they reached the altar and Loui placed himself next to Frank, she seated herself on the bench just behind him, and prayed for him with a fervor, that made her face seem that of an angel.

The soft strains of the hymn had ceased, the candidates had been presented by their faithful pastor to his Right Reverend Father in God, the preface prescribed for the office, had been read, and the Bishop had addressed them in the searching words appropriate to their position, and prayed that they might be daily increased "in the manifold gifts of grace; the spirit of wisdom and understanding; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness."—Then, as the band knelt before him, he raised his consecrated hands, and placing them on the girlish head of Charley, pronounced, with Apostolic unction, the formula:

"Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that she may continue thine forever, and daily increase in thy holy spirit more and more, until she comes to thy everlasting kingdom.—Amen."

The rite was over; the benediction had been pronounced; the glowing words of the Bishop in which he set forth the duties of those, who had taken their baptismal vows upon themselves, had sunk deep into the hearts of all who heard them, and again the organ pealed forth like the anthem of approving Angels, "'Tis done, the great transaction's done," and those who had newly put on Christ, came from the altar to common life again.

With a quiet joy too deep for words, Camille passed her arm through Loui's and seated herself by him in the carriage which, in right of their position as invalids, was to convey him and Frank home. Frank sat by the side of his happy mother, his head on her shoulder, and a glow went through his brave heart as she whispered, "my boy, you have never given me one moment's pain except through your sufferings, but to-night you have made my heart overflow with happiness."

Loui and Camille sat silent but very happy, her little hand clasped in his, and her lovely eyes telling him such eloquent tales, that spoken in language was not needed.

The Professor and his Charley walked home in the wake of the Estens and Colonel and Mrs. Preston and good Dr. Mason, and the party assembled in the parlor in a state of quiet happiness which was a blessed foretaste of the perfect peace, which the faithful discharge of the duties just entered upon, would inevitably secure.

Before long their number was increased by the entry of Dr. Truman and Mr. Fontaine.

"We have called to say good bye," said the former. "There'll be heavy work in front before long, and I must be off to be ready for the duties it will entail. Mr. Fontaine keeps me company,

and as our stay will be a long one, and we leave to-night, we came round to say good bye together."

A general expression of regret followed this declaration, and Miss Charley remarked: "Richmond is like a great hotel which people are continually reaching and leaving! Just as you learn to like a person, off he goes:—I've said good bye so often, and to so many, that it seems to me I have been living here for years, and must be as old as the hills! Doctor, acting on the premises that Confederate soldiers are always hungry, I shall put you and Mr. Fontaine up a lunch," and she tripped out of the room in pursuance of her hospitable plan.

When she returned, and had placed a substantial basket in the charge of the Doctor, he rose, and with his companion, began to say good bye.

"Take care of that husband of yours, Miss Esten," he said with a smile, which Camille understood perfectly, "and if he attempts to join his command for the next two weeks, bandage his eyes and put him on bread and water."

She turned aside into a corner, and still holding his hand, tried to tell him her appreciation of all his kindness and attention to Loui, and thank him as he deserved.

"Tut, tut," he said carelessly, to conceal his real feelings, "I deserve no thanks, for I declare at one time, I was half tempted to be indifferent whether he recovered or not!"

"I thank you nevertheless," she said, smiling through her moist eyelashes. "God bless you!"

He turned and left her, and Mr. Fontaine approached. "You will not refuse to take my hand now?" he said, extending it. "You need not; if it were not an honorable one, I would not offer it."

She laid her hand in his and whispered with down-cast eyes, "Was I not right to trust him?"

"Yes!" he said. "Your woman's faith deserved and met its reward in the happiness, which I see has fallen to you. Believe me that my congratulations for that happiness are none the less sincere from its being based on the ruin of my own."

"Out of suffering we grow strong in goodness," she said earnestly.

"I trust I may prove its truth!" he said sadly, "and now good bye!"

Before the two weeks which Dr. Truman had prescribed as the earliest period at which Loui might return to his command, General Lee had sheathed his sword, and the grand Army of Northern Virginia had ceased to exist in the present, but had become a part of the imperishable past and never ending future.

Col. Preston remained in a blank stupor for days after the announcement that Lee had surrendered, and at one time his wife began to fear that his intellect was seriously affected by the heaviness of the blow. Nothing seemed able to rouse him, and he sat with his hands crossed and his head, with its silvery locks, hanging low on his breast, declining

food or rest, and now and then moaning in a way that was piteous to hear.

One morning when he seemed more than ever crushed, the Professor came in and brought Charley a printed copy of Gen. Lee's farewell address. As soon as she could see through the blinding tears, which its perusal drew from her bright eyes, the girl took it, and going into the room in which her Grandfather sat, knelt down by him and slippped her arm around his neck.

"Grandpa," she said, "I want you to listen to Gen. Lee's farewell address to the army."

"Farewell, child? Why say farewell? Ah! yes, I know now!" and his head dropped lower than before.

The girl began to read in a low, soft voice, interrupped now and then by her sobs. As those noble words, the very wail of a heart which knew that all was lost and yet remained steadfast in its trust in God, and firm in its own nobility and greatness, fell upon the ears of Col. Preston, his apathy was exchanged for a thrilling emotion, and as Charley's voice died away in a whisper the hot tears burst from the old gentleman's eyes and streamed in showers down his cheek

"God bless him!" he exclaimed. "He is the greatest man that ever lived, and his example shames us all! I felt, child, that there was nothing worth living for, but now, by George! I'll live if only to spite the rascals and get my property out of their claws! Bless my soul, child, get me a glass of wine, or some milk, or something—I feel as weak as a child—kiss me first, darling."

It was easier to talk of recovering possession of Southside than to effect its accomplishment, but thanks to the fidelity of Jack, the stout determination of Col. Preston, and above all, the fact that the house had fallen into the occupancy of a party of quiet, well-bred Navy officers, whose views of warfare did not coincide with the code of Butler and his like, the matter was finally adjusted.

Old Jack made his appearance in Richmond soon after it was taken possession of by the enemy, and presenting himself at the door of Col. Preston's house, recieved the welcome, he so well deserved.

Miss Charley put her little white hand in the old negro's horny paw, and then drew him a chair constructed on such principles of strength and solidity as would bear even his vast proportions, while the entire household crowded round to ply him with questions and hear his account of home matters.

"Patsey is well, ma'am, thank you Missis," he said, in reply to Mrs. Preston's inquiry after her favorite, "and desired her compliments to all. She's had mighty good luck with her poultry, and is mighty proud of the parcel of chickens she's raised, and as fur the ducks, they ain't nowhar, there's so many o'em!"

"Have they cut down any of the trees,!" asked Miss Charley fearfully.

"No, Miss, none at all, cause I showed 'em where we cut our wood and remonstrated that it

was a saving o' time and money to cut it there."

"I suppose we wouldn't know the house, Jack," said Mrs. Preston.

"La! Missis, whar was me and Patsey, ef the things was to be expoiled before our eyes? You see, sir," he continued, turning to his master, "there's Yankees and tother Yankees and them what preoccupied our house was of the tother sort. Mild, peacable kind o' folks, what read and draw lines and configurments on paper and never bother themselves about nothing. Some of 'em was customed to go in good 'ciety 'fore the war, and used to visit on Jeems River, and they never seemed to have no idea of stealing nothing in the house, and as fur the plantation and stock, why, marster, they never knowed no more about them than nothing!—They paid me and Patsey wages regular and we tended to them genteel, and they said they never lived so well before."

"Now I thinks Marster, if you all just go down and devolve to take the stablishment by force, you'll 'blige them officers to squochulate the premises, Sir." "Miss Charley, Patsey she sent you some eggs, some pop corn and some ribbins she got from a pedler, and Marster I'se brought my wages, and this is yours Sir, most willingly," and the old man held out a little pile of gold.

"Thank you, Jack," said the Colonel, divining that to refuse would be to inflict a severe mortification on his faithful servant. "You are very considerate, and I'm much obliged to you. I'll take half of what's here, as I have some funds still by me, and you may require the rest. If you want any more, call on me—it's all right between gentlemen."

"Thankee, Sir," said the delighted Jack, rising and making a profound bow. "Patsey 'll be monstrous proud, Sir," and he walked off to embrace the expectant Mandy and Ben.

The Colonel, after mature consideration, determined to adopt Jack's plan of taking Southside by sheer force of resolution, and the scheme being fully arranged, Jack returned to assist in its execution.

Broadfields was vacant, and except for most of the negroes who remained on the plantation, would have been deserted, so the matter of its recovery was easy.

Camille's old nurse and her husband, who had accompanied the family to Richmond, returned with Jack in order to prepare the house for its owners, while the household in Richmond was busily engaged in preparations for a general exodus.

In the dimness of the twilight of a damp evening, in the early part of May, three carriages drove along the road leading to Southside, and stopped at a certain part of it, while tender and tearful farewells were exchanged between their inmates, and one vehicle went on to Broadfields, and the others proceeded to Southside.

Their coming seemed expected, although it occasioned no remark to the quiet party in a sitting room, which Mammy had appropriated to their especial use,

and in which they now sat discussing former voyages, the remote chances of promotion, and the certain ones of being ordered off on a disagreeable cruise, utterly unconscious of the descent about to be made upon them.

Uncle Jack and Patsey, one mass of smiles and curtseys, received the returned wanderers, and conducted them in triumph to their respective apartments which, with their bright fires and elegant appearance, seemed as if they had never been vacated.

Frank shared the bed and board — they were synonymous in the case of the disciple of Hygiene who owned them—of the Professor, while Miss Charley returned to the luxurious quarters of her own apartment, making Mandy both lock and bolt the door, lest, as she said, "any of those dreadful creatures might be prowling about."

They did not indulge in prowling, and quiet settled down over the broad roof of Southside, while sleep spread his rosy wings over its illy-assorted inmates.

Next morning, Patsey and Jack, acting under orders, drew out the great mahogany table in the break-fast room, of Southside, and dressing it in all the wealth of fine damask, china, and the Preston plate which had suddenly re-appeared, proceeded to fill it with every dainty that the kitchen of the establishment could afford.

Colonel Preston, dressed in his best suit, took his station on the hearth rug, while his stately wife occupied her accustomed seat at the corner of the fire place, flanked by Mrs. Leigh and Frank, while opposite to her Miss Charley, looking the very incarnation of mirth and mischief, was nestled close to the Professor who sat on a low sofa.

The old man went off and the Colonel planted his feet firmly on the rug, cleared his throat, and compressed his lips with an air of unutterable determination.

Very speedily the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and as they reached tho door, the oily voice of Uncle Jack exclaimed, "In dis room gemmen; we breakfasts in home style to-day."

He threw open the door, and the party, consisting of eight naval officers in undress uniforms, entered, but soon stopped in utter amazement at the sight, which greeted their astonished eyes.

"There must be some mistake here," exclaimed one who seemed the superior officer, "there must be a mistake."

"None at all, sir," said the colonel courteously, advancing at the same time. "I returned last night with my family to my house, which you have done me the honor to occupy so long, but I assure you, sir, I do not in the least begrudge you the hospitalities of Southside. Some of my countrymen are deeply prejudiced against your nation, sir, and I must confess that my predilections for companions are in favor of my people; still, I do not object to entertaining you as my guests until you can perfect your arrangements for leaving. In the meantime, gentlemen, let me introduce my family. My wife—my daughter —my grandaughter—my friend— —my grandson, Capt. Leigh, C.

S. A., and now, gentlemen, permit me to invite you to take seats at my breakfast table. Jack, seat the gentlemen. My dear, let me place you once more at the head of your table. Charley, child, come to your old place by me—and now let us say grace in gratitude at our restoration to our home!"

Every head bent while the old gentleman offered his simple thanksgiving and asked a blessing on the meal before him, and the former proprietors of the mansion being, in sailor parlance, completely "taken aback," succumbed to the situation, and ate their breakfast with as good a grace as possible.

Human nature, that is refined human nature, could not resist the influence of the perfect politeness with which Col. Preston pressed the hospitalities of Southside upon those, whom he never permitted himself to regard in any light but that of guests, whose stay was necessarily limited, and before the expiration of a week the entire scientific party, which had occupied the house, more on account of its comfort than because authorized by the government, took up the line of march and retreated to the wooden walls of their unseaworthy old vessel which lay near City Point, and which they had unofficially exchanged for the luxury of Southside.

THE END.

THE Summer had come and the Autumn had passed, since the Spring time, which had withered the hopes of the South with a blight, which no successive seasons will remove, until in God's future they shall whiten to a heavenly harvest, and the Christmas of 1865 was so near that it might be counted by hours.

It was to be an important day at Southside, and scarcely less so at Broadfields, for upon it the Professor was to recieve a Christmas gift, which was to fill his life with a happiness as sweet as the season at which it was bestowed.

The Colonel had imposed this further delay upon the Professor's wishes, in consideration of the unsettled state of the country, and the utter impossibility of determining what the political and social condition of the South would be.

But the country had worried along somehow, and the political prospect for the future was at least no worse than it had been just after the surrender, while the social one, so far as Col. Preston was concerned, was decidedly improved.

Very few of the negroes had left, and, thanks to the confidence which the remainder reposed in their master, the influence of uncle Jack who was an oracle among them, and an advance of some of the Professor's golden guineas, which the Colonel did not hesitate to borrow, inasmuch as they were to be expended on the estate which would be Charley's in due course of time, the condition of the plantation had never been better or more profitable.

The experience of Mr. Esten had been somewhat similar, but good Dr. Mason had been a considerable loser, his home being more exposed, and having suffered much during his absence, so

he yielded to the solicitations of the Estens and Camille, and made his home, until the coming spring, at Broadfields.

No new obstacles interposing, Col. Preston had withdrawn all opposition, and gone to work with all his accustomed energy to bring the wedding arrangements to a speedy termination. So Charley was to be married on Christmas Eve, and every member of the household, from Mrs. Preston to Mandy, was directly and personally concerned in the affair.

The confidential conferences and important consultations, which were carried on between Mrs. Preston and Mammy, aided and abetted by Mrs. Esten, were of constant occurrence and portentous length, and terminated in great and very agreeable results. The Colonel was in a state of continual unrest, and managed to be in every body's way, and apparently, at one and the same time.

Now he would burst into Miss Preston's room where that young lady and Camille, assisted by the neat fingered Mandy, would be engaged in some all important affair, relating to the wardrobe of the bride elect, and walk through the array of chairs and lounges, covered with bridal finery, with no more thought of the peril to which he subjected their delicate contents, than if he had been striding over a stubble field, and on one eventful morning, came within an ace of ruining himself and Charley's wedding veil and orange blossoms, by seating himself in the chair over which they had been carefully spread, with a view to enable the ladies to judge of their effect. Driven from the room in deep disgrace, the old gentleman proceeded to the comfortable pantry in which Mrs. Preston, seated in her especial rocking chair, kept up a stately superintendence over a small army of Ethiopians, which, headed by Mammy, was engaged in the various admixtures of flour, sugar, lemons, fruit, gellatine, eggs and liquors, which were to result in the delicious compounds that would appear at Miss Charley's wedding supper, and the grand Christmas dinner, which was to succeed it. The master of the premises was almost as unfortunate in this temple of creature comforts as he had been at the shrine of finery, and after transforming himself into a miller by overturning a pan of flour, just weighed by Mammy, for a cake, throwing over a basket of oranges in his efforts to save the pan, and then putting his foot in a dish of currants drying before the fire, he retired covered with confusion, and also with flour.

A fancy then seized him to make himself useful by assisting Uncle Jack, who, with an accession of greatness and pompous self-consideration, almost too much for even his large capacities in that line, to sustain comfortably, had taken the entire establishment in hand, and patronized it in the most affable and condescending manner. Just at present, the old man was engaged in a thorough inspection of the cellar, with a view to having the best of the wine ready for the important occasion for which it was to be

used, and the Colonel found him sitting, like an enormous and amiable spider, among the dust and cobwebs by which he was surrounded.

"Jack," said the old gentleman, "everybody has to work now-a-days, so I've come down to help you here. Hand me those two bottles and I'll take them into the house."

"Never mind, sir," said the autocrat of the cellar. "Ef you will have 'em," he continued, seeing the Colonel was bent on obtaining them, "please be very keerful."

"I will, Jack, I will," said the old gentleman, "I never was slippery fingered, and I'm too old to begin now—eh, Jack?"

"'Pears so!" was the sententious reply, as one of the precious bottles slid out of the Colonel's hands, and falling to the brick floor, separated into numerous particles, and bathed the Colonel's boots in a new kind of blacking.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished amateur butler, "there must have been oil on that bottle! Never mind, Jack, plenty more of the same sort left!"

"Yes, sir," said Jack with chilling dignity. "It don't matter much, no how, sir, fur of course I didn't trust you with the nonperale, sir. Lemme git down, sir, and brush your coat, you is in a fair mess, sir. You better go to de library, sir, and deport yourself. 'Taint for the credit of de family no how, sir, for you to be a working, specially as you is a new hand and hinders more than you helps, sir!"

"I believe you are right, Jack!" said the Colonel, as he stood with a lamblike weakness, while the imperious Jack brushed, rubbed, and in every way restored his nether man. "I begin to think that nobody wants me, and that I'm only a chip in the porridge."

"Here's another of the old block, come to take you out," said a merry voice, and the Colonel was taken prisoner by a pair of soft arms, while a rosy cheek was laid on his. "Grandma is in despair on the subject of black cakes, and has a monomania for seeding raisins. So I have come to her rescue, and promised to seed a half bushel, provided I have you to help me, and I have stolen a private corner in the pantry, and go occupy it you must and shall."

The old gentleman needed no entreaties, but followed his darling with a step as light as her own. He permitted her to turn back the sleeves of his fine coat, and actually consented to have one of Mammy's large and spotless aprons tied round his neck, and then sinking in the arm chair, Charley had placed at a safe distance from flour and currants, he sat there, perfectly happy in the preparations going on around him, and Charley's sprightly remarks.

After awhile Frank's handsome head was protruded in the softly opened door, but quickly withdrawn when he saw that his grandmother had company.

"Come in Frank," called out Miss Charley. "The raw cake isn't ready yet—I know you came to get the pan—but there'll be lots of pickings in the way of cit-

ron and candied orange peel!"

Frank wasn't proof against such inducements, and coming in, was at once pressed into the service of the raisins, with strict commands not to eat more than four out of every half dozen, he seeded!

A merry party they made, and at last the Professor, seeking, like Maister Michael Scott's man, her, who was indeed his rest, and like the said man, "finding nane," was guided to the object of his search by her ringing laugh, and entering, with much trepidation, the sacred presincts of the pantry, was forthwith added to what Miss Charley called the "reasonable" party.

In due time the day on which both raisins and orange blossoms were to be used, came round, and the closing hours of its sunset found Miss Charley and Frank at the window of Charley's corner, each of them far more serious than was their usual state.

"Charley," said Frank, "I have a little present for you, which I hope will remind you of me every time you use it." He threw a chain of fine Venetian gold over her slender throat, and placed in her hands an exquisitely beautiful Geneva watch. Her eyes flashed with delight, but all she said was, "Oh! Frank!"

"Charley," he said, taking her hand, "I want to tell you something. I have seemed very quiet and cool while all this was going on, that is to take you away from me, but I haven't felt it any the less for that. I used to be a careless, good for nothing sort of a fellow, but all that trouble in prison made a man of me. It taught me too, Charley, that what you called 'nonsense,' was the truest kind of truth, but it taught me also, Charley, that I must subdue my feelings, and not let them interfere with the comfort of any one else!"

"Dear Frank!" she said softly, "I never suspected it!"

"I'm glad of it, Charley; I was afraid you would, for I have been terribly cut up, and had hard work to hide it. I'm better now, or I never would have told you."

"You will grow better and better, Frank," she said, smiling through her tears, "and bye and bye you'll get over it altogether, and bring us all the sweetest kind of a sister."

"I shall marry at some time, or other," he said, "but I shall never love any one as I have loved you, Charley!" He pressed the hand which lay in his, to his lips, and then lifted the curtain, which shut out the library, and left her alone.

She did not continue alone very long, for scarcely had the crimson curtain ceased to flutter from the effects of Frank's touch, than it was swept aside, and a tall figure entered, and taking Charley, weeping for Frank's manly sorrow, in his strong arms, proceeded to remove her tears by a course of treatment, much in favor with persons in his position.

"Crying, Oh! my darling—tears on your bridal night!" he said, half sadly.

"Not for myself, Professor," she answered, and told him the story of Frank's love.

"No one knows how to feel for

him in his sorrow, my own one," said the Professor, "so well as I, who have caused it. But, Charley, I can't be magnanimous and give you up!"

"I would'nt be given up if you could," was the reply. "Am I goods and a chattel?"

"You will be soon," was the delighted reply. "Here she is, Colonel Preston!" The last remark was directed to the voice of the gentleman of that name, who was filling the library with shouts of "Charley—where's Charley?"

The old gentleman, already dressed in wedding garments, though it wanted three full hours of the time at which the ceremony would be performed, came in and stood by the side of his granddaughter.

"They told me you would begin to dress soon, darling," he said, "and I felt that I must have a little private kiss, and try to tell you how much I love you before I have to give you"—but his voice failed entirely, and was unheard even by the bright face which was pressed to his.

"Professor," said Charley, "come here and help me tell him that, instead of giving me up, he keeps me and gains you beside!"

The gentle Professor came to her side, and again two pair of arms enfolded her beautiful figure.

"Grand-pa," she said, gayly though the speech cost her some effort, "if you think that you are going to get rid of me, just because I'm married, and if the Professor fancies he is going to have a staid, sober, well-behaved wife—you are greatly mistaken, I can tell you! I shall be just as exacting of your love, Grand-pa, and just as wild and full of mischief when I am Charley Stuart," (the last in the faintest whisper,) "as I have been while Charley Preston!"

"Take her, James!" said the old gentleman. "If she makes you half as happy as she has done me, you will have nothing to ask!"

"Grand-pa," said Miss Preston, wishing to chase away the sadness which her grand-father's tone indicated, "which is to give me away—you, or Uncle Jack? He has gotten himself up so splendidly, and is so grand, that I did'nt know but what he might consider it necessary, for the 'credit of the family,' to give me away with his own hands!"

"By George!" said the old gentleman, "I believe he would!" and under cover of the laugh which ensued, the young lady held up her mouth to receive, first from her grandfather and then from the Professor, the last kiss that would ever be given to Charley Preston, and then ran off to her dressing room.

In due time, the large parlor was filled to its utmost capacity with the numerous guests, who had come for miles to such an important event as the marriage of Miss Preston, while Southside and Broadfields, both crowded with visitors, who had come from Richmond and Baltimore to remain through the Christmas, had given up their respective quotas of crinoline and broad cloth, and now nothing was wanting but the entrance of the bridal party.

The beloved Bishop, who, yielding to the entreaties of Col. Pres-

ton, had come to perform the ceremony, sat in the smaller parlor, cut off from the other by closed folding doors, his noble head bent forward in silent thought, and resting on his clasped hands —those sacred, beautiful hands, which are fastened to every true Virginia heart, which have never committed any act unworthy the service of God, whose minister he is, and which have brought down spiritual blessings on the heads of thousands!

All at once there was a slight stir in the parlor, and elbowing his way with condescending affability, Uncle Jack pressed through the crowd, clad in a suit of extraordinary fineness, the coat in fact, being the one, which the Colonel had pronounced too fine for himself, bearing in his capacious shirt front a breastpin presented by Charley, and having his hands encased in a pair of snowy kids, which, the same young lady declared, must have been originally manufactured for the late Mr. Lambert.

On he came, grave and grand, until he reached the folding doors, which he threw open with indescribable dignity, and then passing through them, took his station in a corner by Mammy, resplendent in a brown silk dress and swiss muslin head handkerchief.

At the same moment the tall and regal figure of the Bishop rose from his chair, and advancing to the centre of the room, stood holding his open prayer book.

Out of the passage, coming in couples, and separating to the right and left, swept Mr. and Mrs. Esten, Dr. Mason with Mrs. Leigh on his arm, and Loui and Camille, the latter a radiant combination of white satin and diamonds. Immediately behind them came the rest of the bridal party, till bridesmaid after bridesmaid had taken her place, forming a semicircle, and leaving a place vacant in front of the Bishop. The Professor, somewhat less calm than usual, followed with Mrs. Preston, and then came the Colonel, and hanging on his arm, the beautiful creature on whom all eyes were fastened.

She was paler than usual, and her bright eyes were hidden from all beholders, but as she stood in her fresh, girlish loveliness, her perfect figure draped in white satin, gleaming from under the clouds of illusion which floated around her, and a wreath of orange blossoms on her shining curls, she was the perfect embodiment of virginal beauty.

Mrs. Preston stepped back, and the Professor, advancing, received from her Grand-father, his lovely bride, while the Colonel took his station behind her, and the Bishop, in his deep, solemn tones, began the magnificent words of the Marriage Ceremony.

When the question, "Who giveth this woman away to be married?" was propounded, and Colonel Preston's white head was bent in reply, the company was astonished by an incident not set forth in that, or any other marriage form. This was the sudden advance of Uncle Jack, who, inclined his head as far forward as that organ could be brought, and nodded it gently, as if in token

that he ratified and confirmed his master's consent.

A few moments more, and Miss Charley Preston was transformed into one who had vowed, "till death us do part," to love, honor, and obey the over-joyed gentleman beside her, and she now stood in some danger of going out of existence entirely, under the impetus of the kisses, with which she was nearly suffocated.

"Please, Frank," she whispered to her first grooms-man, who stood just at her side, "get some of them away, or I shall be kissed to death!"

"Shall I offer myself as your proxy?" was the saucy reply. "I have'nt much objection."

"No, I'm resigned to my fate!" said the beautiful bride, and raising her bright eyes, they encountered those of the Professor, and received his first married gaze of adoring love.

Neither as maiden, bride, nor wife, did the lovely speaker have any cause to dread her fate, for her life flowed on with an uninterrupted brightness, and sunshine, which seemed to increase after her marriage.

She remained at Southside during the winter which followed, and the families of that mansion, and Broadfields, were almost as one.

Camille and Loui spent the season in Virginia, with the exception of a trip to Kentucky, made at the express request of Mr. Franklin.

That gentleman had been very severe in his animadversions on Loui, when the fact of his marriage was first announced. But the impartial justice of his nature yielded to the representations of Mrs. Franklin, and he had restored Loui to his confidence and regard long before a letter from Camille, to Mademoiselle, had furnished the proof of his entire innocence of offence.

Mr. Franklin was changed, and for the better in all respects. In the long and severe illness which followed Mary's knowledge of Loui's marriage, and in which she lay in the very arms of death, the depths of her parent's hearts had been touched and affected by God's own finger. The blessed influence did not pass away as the gentle girl, whose danger had called them into existence, rallied, and by slow degrees, came back to life, and their love, but strengthened with her strength, until, on the Sabbath when, too ill to go to church, the sacred elements of the Communion were brought to Mary's bedside, she had the inexpressible rapture of partaking of them in company with her mother, her father, and Mademoiselle, whom they had all learned to love as one of themselves.

There was no spiritual blindness now in Mary Franklin's eyes; the sudden blasting of her hopes showed her the extent to which, in adoring a creature, she had forgotten her God, and she rededicated herself to His service with a singleness of devotion, which continued to the close of her pure and blessed life.

Refusing all offers of marriage, she devoted herself to her parents and Mademoiselle LaFronde, who continued with the family, despite the entreaties of Loui and Camille,

that she should return to Broadfields with them.

"No, my children," said the old lady, "I am happy here, and the sweet family loves me. I am too old to make new friends now. Go, my children, and be happy in the love, which renders you independent of all the world but yourselves. If ever you return to Belle Espérance, I will come to you and assist in restoring the ancient honor of the LaFronde's—but leave me here till then—kiss me, my children—c'est fini!"

They did not press the subject, but making arrangements by which her slightest wish might be gratified, Loui and his beautiful wife returned to Broadfields and began preparations for their voyage to France.

Charley and the Professor were to go with them to Southampton, whence they would proceed to London, and thence to Scotland to look after the Professor's estate, and Frank would accompany the party as far as Baltimore where he had important business.

The Colonel at first declared he would cross the Atlantic rather than be parted from Charley, but was induced by Mrs. Preston and Dr. Mason to limit his journey to New York, at which place the travelers were obliged to embark.

This trip was finally abandoned through Mrs. Preston, who dreaded the effect of saying good bye to his darling, and being left in a strange place, might have on her husband, and who made such representations as effectually influenced her lord.

"You're right, my dear—home's the best place for me!" he said.—"I hate the idea of going among those rascals in all their prosperity, and I know I'd see and hear what I wouldn't like!"

The outward bound took their departure one sunny afternoon in the early spring time, and after a voyage as unlike as possible the one on which Loui and Camille had started four years before, reached the white cliffs of England, and separated for their different destinations.

The summer passed swiftly away, and at its close the Professor, as Charley still called him, who was now in law as well as in his own right, Sir James Stuart Douglas, took his wife, prettier and dearer than ever, to Paris to join Loui and Camille. After "doing" that place of delight under the valuable guidance of Loui, the party embarked again on a Cunard Steamer, and started on their homeward journey.

Their coming was watched for by eager eyes, fervent prayers were sent up for their safety, and their return was attended with a happiness and gratitude almost too great for expression.

Loui wrs desirous of returning to Belle Espérance and repairing it as his future home, but the season had been a sickly one, and he yielded to the entreaties of the Estens, and the representations of his man of business, the old Notary, and his partner, once his clerk, whose pride Mademoiselle had so unconsciously hurt on the morning of her nephew's wedding, and remained with the happy Camille at Broadfields.

Again Christmas had come round, filling all hearts with a re-

flex of the peace and good will, which attended its first dawning, and seeming to impart new brightness to the social chain, by which humanity is held together.

Christmas Eve, the anniversary of Charley's marriage, had been celebrated by a strictly family party, consisting of the household of Broadfields, and Loui and Camille, just returned from Southside, stood by the fire of their luxurious chamber.

"Hang up your stocking, my darling," said Loui, "I am inclined to think Santa Claus has something to put in it. What of all Christmas gifts would you prefer?"

A vivid crimson burned on her cheek, and a strange light came into her dark eyes, and lifting the empty sleeve, which hung at his side, she laid it tenderly upon her bosom, and bending down, she kissed it again and again.

"My darling!" he cried, throwing his arm quickly around her and drawing her close to his bosom, "my own sweet darling—what? Oh! Camille, crying!"

She raised her beautiful face, all dabbled with the tears that were falling so fast, and said between her sobs: "Oh! Loui, when I look at this empty sleeve, and think of all you suffer, I become almost frantic, and feel that I cannot bear it!"

"My precious one," he said tenderly, as he smoothed with a loving touch, the glossy braids of her shining hair, "you distress yourself unnecessarily. You know that I speak to you as I do to my own heart, and would sooner die than deceive you. I tell you that your sensitive spirit makes you over-estimate my loss and my suffering. Both were terrible at first, before I knew you, but you lulled the pain almost as soon as I felt it; when I look back to what I was then, and compare it with what I at least try to be now, I humbly thank God that the arm is gone; since, by its loss I have gained so immeasurably, in higher things."

She raised her sweet lips and told her feelings in the kiss she gave.

"Then, Oh! darling, to have obtained the blessing of your love, and the exquisite happiness with which you round my life into perfectness, is a bliss so complete, and all-absorbing, that not only do I never feel the loss of my arm, but would gladly give the other one, to have secured such a treasure!"

Again the sweet lips thanked him, though they breathed not a word.

"Besides, my sweetest, the loss is not so very much, after all. I have lost one arm, but have I not gained two in its place? Whose are those soft, white arms, if not mine? Do they not devote themselves exclusively to me, performing every service, from tying my cravat to driving me out in regular sporting style? For my sake, darling, promise that you will never again yield to such sad feelings on my account. I have proved the worth of suffering!" and he bent down and kissed her.

"So have I," she said softly, lifting her beautiful face and gazing at him out of her glorious

eyes, as she repeated the sublime words of St. Paul.

"Now no chastening seemeth for the present to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them which are exercised thereby." She paused for a moment, then wound her arm round her husband's neck, and said, as she laid her bright head on his bosom:

"Oh! Loui, I trust that we will live so that our 'light affliction, which is but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!'"

FINIS.

THE HAVERSACK.

AT the first battle of Fredericksburg, when Hoke's brigade was sent in to recover a portion of our line that had been broken, a mounted officer met a Confed retiring in the style of Gen. Schenck from Vienna, that is, hatless and a bewildered air. The officer thought that the haste, with which the soldier withdrew his *corpus*, was rather unbecoming, and that it was decidedly improper in the runner aforesaid to desert his hard pressed comrades. So drawing his pistol, he remonstrated on this wise:

Officer. "Go back, you cowardly whelp, or I'll blow your brains out."

Demoralized Soldier, "I's no whelp, and I'se not gwine back. Crack away with your darned little squirt. They woz ten thousand Yankees a shootin' at me with rifles and a throwin' lots of bombs to make the count good.—Mister, yer pop gun ar nothin' to them things. Crack away and be damned to you."

Away dashed the bold hero, as rapidly as Major General Butler, when the cracking of a dry stick under his horse, made him believe that a rebel picket had fired upon him.

In simple justice to our running friend, we would add that he is now rejoicing all loyal hearts by running the reconstruction machine in the Convention at ——, with all the energy and enthusiasm he displayed at Fredericksburg.

We give one version of an anecdote, in which we have been anticipated by another periodical.

Jack P. had lost a magnificent leg in battle, and its place was poorly supplied by the rude stick furnished by the Medical Department, of the so-called. His hobbling gait was a sore annoyance to him, and when he made a particularly bad stumble, he used expressions about the Yankees, which seemed to be, and probably were, a little profane. At any rate, a devoted chaplain thought fit to remonstrate with him on the

impropriety of his language, and the following dialogue ensued.

Chaplain. "Profanity is a sin. My dear friend, you must try to quit it."

Jack P. "When I think of my neat, straight leg, and then look at this nasty stick, I can't help cursing a little."

Chaplain. "You must wrestle with the Evil One, and you will overcome him."

Jack P. "Ah, Parson, wrestling might have been of some use when I had my own leg. But with this d—d stick, the old fellow would trip me up the first pop!"

A little five-year old in Atlanta, Georgia, was very Southern and very fond of music. When the U. S. soldiers took possession of that city, our young hero felt his indignant patiotism roused to the highest point; but the sweet strains of the Yankee bands would seduce him to listen, and he felt, as many thousands have felt, that it was better to "live" than "die for Dixie." Still his young and tender conscience would trouble him on account of his too great fondness for the music of the enemies of his country. So one day he came in his perplexity to his mother with the inquiry:

"Mamma will God send us little boys to the bad place for stopping to hear the Yankee drums?"

What a question to ask about the soldiers of the best government the world ever saw!

When the Jacobin rebellion has been conquered (and it soon will be,) the "old flag" will be an emblem of protection and not of oppression, and national airs will inspire national feeling. Then our little friend can listen to Yankee drums without any qualms of conscience for sinning against Heaven and his country. So may it be.

We remember very distinctly an earthquake in Mexico and the sensation it created. The regiment to which the writer belonged was surrounded by Mexican cooks and hucksters, who were selling stewed meats, chocolate, and tropical fruits. The first shaking of the earth stopped the traffic instantly; all the venders fell on their knees crying "*temblor! Ave Maria Purissima!*"—Five minutes or more were devoted to energetic prayers and then the frightened cooks and fruit dealers looked around and found all their eatables were gone!—While at their devotions, the rascally American soldiers had robbed them of every thing!

This incident was recalled to our mind by an anecdote we heard in Savannah, Ga., of a little fellow, who lived in the track of Sherman's "march to the sea." His mother was describing to him the terrors of the Judgment Day. He had seen the bummers, and the description of the devil and his angels suggested to his mind the great Fire-King and his emmissaries. He had seen his poor mother sit up night after night to watch, and, if possible, protect a little food and clothing from destruction. All the horrible and revolting scenes of that infernal march were brought up vividly before his mental vision, by his

mother's account of the Judgment Day. So he very naturally asked the question:

"Mamma, wouldn't it be a good thing for us to get tried last at the Judgment Day?"

"Why, my son?"

"'Cause you 'members how you had to watch Sherman's soldiers and if they tried us first, Sherman's men would steal all our things while they woz a tryin' us!"

Lieutenant — had been a great favorite before the Mexican war, in Savannah, so celebrated for good cheer and hospitality.—Numerous dinings, balls, and parties had shown the appreciation of the people for the genial young lieutenant of artillery. After the lapse of a quarter of a century, he returned to the city whose hospitality he had so often enjoyed, but with the star of a General Officer on his shoulder, and under the conquering flag of the United States.

Willing to forget the estrangement caused by the war, he called at the house of a former acquaintance. He found his old friend surrounded by grand-children. Approaching a small little girl, he said, "I used to dandle your mother on my knee. Won't you give me a kiss?"

"No, that I won't, said the little reb." I won't kiss any one with them kind of clothes. I kiss rebels and no other sort."

A little boy playing on the floor with his miniature horses and carriages, looked up and said, "well, if you did whip us at last, we made you run a heap of times fust!"

The U. S. officer looked at the whole thing from a philosophic stand-point, and said, "I give it up, when the rebellion has taken hold of children and grand-children, the movement may be said to be national. It will take time to restore good-feeling."

The most important element of restoration was forgotten,—wise, generous, and magnanimous legislation. A code of laws dictated by hate, and executed in a revengeful spirit may change the South into a Poland, Ireland, or Hungary, but can never give us back a restored and reunited country.

Bayou City, furnishes the next four incidents.

During the war, in Texas, the militia were frequently called out, for various purposes. Resulting from one of these calls, an amusing incident occurred, worthy of record. Among the company, from Walker county, was a plain, country farmer, who had never been known to be absent from home over a day or two at a time. However, he answered his "country's call," went to Galveston, Texas, was gone three years, at the expiration of which time, he returned home. He reached his gate, dismounted, was walking up the yard to his double log cabin, filled with hoping enthusiasm at the surprise he would give the loved ones upon his soft return. Just before he reached his door, his eldest boy, of 14 summers, spied his sire, and running to-

wards him, began to yell, "here's dad, here's dad."

"*Hush up you little rascal, I want to see if Betz and the young ones will know me.*" Comment unnecessary.

Pause reader, and with a sad heart, permit me to mention the humble name of Samuel Bailey, a private of company A. 5th Texas infantry, A. N. Va. Many noble deeds were born of our late struggle, many of which are as silent to the public ear, as the stilled voices of those who gave them birth. These deeds, the bright gems, the finished touches of that heroism that won the glory of imperishable renown for Southern arms and Southern chivalry, should not be permitted to mould and decay within the recollection of the few who are cognizant thereof.

Samuel Bailey, a lad of 21, fell at the battle of "Spottsylvania Court House." He was badly wounded at the "2nd Manassas," and from that wound, never recovered. After 60 day's furlough, he returned, in time to participate in the Gettysburg campaign, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, when he was torn to pieces, his brains scattered around upon his comrades, done by an enemy's cannon ball. At any time after Manassas he could have been discharged, but he refused this, refused a transfer, refused a furlough, and with his old wound, through the stomach, still running, he kept along with his command, walking, riding, or as best he could, unable to do any duty, but determined upon being in every fight, until he fell. Who acted a nobler part, or showed a nobler spirit? Is his name, the brave, young, kind, generous, but unfortunate, Bailey, not worthy of record? All such heroism, such noble conduct, is deserving of notice, aye, of lasting record, and thus believing, a willing pen writes the name of a lost friend, a brother soldier.

At the battle of "Spottsylvania Court House," May, '64, the legions of Grant were so numerous that General Lee was forced to hold many of his positions by lines of battle that were in reality only ordinary skirmish lines. The "Texas Brigade," consisting of the 1st, 4th and 5th Texas and 3rd Arkansas, under the gallant and lamented Gen. Gregg, occupied a most important position, and had, for two days, against overwhelming odds of drunken Federal soldiery, held their line intact. If my memory serves me correctly, it was on the evening of the 12th of May, the enemy, under the influence of bad whisky, returned for the tenth time upon a vigorous charge against our feeble works. They moved upon us in gallant style, and when within 50 yards of our works, unexpectedly to us, they moved by the "right flank file left," and entered our works through a space of 15 feet that intervened between the 3rd Ark. and 1st Texas. Our men, never having had employment for bayonets, had long since cast them away as useless appendages, and as a consequence, had to work upon the

Yanks with gun buts, frying pans and spades. Hand to hand the gallant 1st Texas and Yanks had it—a scene terrible, yet really grand. Commanding the 1st Texas was Lt. Col. Jim Harding, a man of much humor, recognized bravery, and remarkable coolness. His only weapon was a huge "army six," that from its size was known as the 1st Texas cannon. To this portable artillery our friend, the Colonel, was warmly attached.—The Colonel snapped six caps at those around who were using him rather roughly, and finding that unless he adopted the policy side of the question, he would soon "go up the spout," he handed his "army six" to a Yankee officer, and true to his self-possession remarked, "Captain, I surrender—*take good care of this old piece, for she is the darndest best six shooter that ever snapped a cap.*" Soon the Yanks were driven out, our line held, and the Colonel never lost that "darned good six shooter." This incident took place in the hour of dreadful carnage, while dead and dying were heaped around the Colonel.

At the battle of "Fredericksburg," General Hood had placed under him, for the time being, a regiment of North Carolinia conscripts. They were ordered forward in a charge, and men never fought more bravely, never attested greater devotion to their native land, by heroism on the battle-field, than this same regiment of conscripts. They charged, swept everything before them, and were at last ordered back, by General Hood. Not liking this stoppage of their onward gallant charge, they manifested their disapprobation by saying,

"*If it had just been his old Texans, General Hood never would have called us off, but would have let us gone on and played the very devil with the Yankees.*"

The *point* though complimentary to my old command, I cite the incident with a no less keen appreciation of the valor of the gallant sons of the 57th North Carolina regiment. R. C.

When the —— North Carolina regiment was in Richmond, on its way to take part in the second days fight on the Chickahominy, it bivouaced on the carpet of green in front of the Executive Mansion. Bright and early next morning Governor Letcher was out among the soldiers, and finding the Colonel an old acquaintance, invited him with all of his staff officers, to walk into his Mansion, and "*refresh the inner*," in old Virginia style. The invitation was promptly accepted—nobody need doubt that—and as the party marched up the stone steps of the house, unknown to the Colonel, a tall, raw-boned and very dirty private, followed closely on his heels. A soldier who was looking on from the park, shouted out,

"I say, Kreps where in the mischief are *you* agoin?"

"Goin," shouted Kreps unabated, and with a mental swagger, "Why, I promised to follow our gallant Kurnel to death, or victory, *and I am agwine to do it!*"

Kreps *went in*, of course, as the

Governor's demijohn can testify, and stood by his Colonel like a man!

When the —— North Carolina regiment was camped on Bogue banks, a hotel was kept on the main land, which was said, by the boys, to fill pretty well, the old Saxon definition of an *Inn*, as, "a place where they *take in strangers;*" being renowned for the fact that, as the price *went up*, the fare went *down*. On the morning of one of Mr. Davis' rather superfluous fast days, a private of company K, walked into the Colonel's tent and asked leave to go over to town. The Colonel refused, and asked what business he had there.

"You see, Kurnel," says company K, "I'm a good Confederate, and believes in prayin' and fastin' as well as fitin'. Now its mighty hard to keep fast here, where a body can smell meat a fryin' and such like; so you see if you'l let me go over to the —— hotel to spend the day, *I shall be out of temptation!*"

He got leave to go!

Whilst the 26th N. C. was encamped below New Berne a well known wag of company H. came up to head quarters one morning, and taking off his hat drawled out, "Colonel, me and two other gentlemen wants to go to town tonight."

"You and two other *gentlemen?*" says the Colonel, "I don't know of any *gentlemen* in the army."

"What do you call 'em then?" says H.

"There are no *gentlemen* in the army, sir," says the Colonel, "nobody but officers and soldiers."

"And there's where you misses it, Colonel," was the quick reply, "*durn me ef the gentlemen ain't all in the army and the other sort at home!*"

That fell had, no doubt, been reading Gen. Hill's orders about the exempt!

Our mess in the —th N. C., whilst stationed below New Berne, consisted of the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major and Surgeon, and being just the right number, frequently whiled away the long winter evenings by playing whist —the two former against the two latter as partners. The Lieut. Colonel—a most gallant and accomplished young officer, who afterwards fell gloriously at Gettysburg—had quite a notion of playing the game *scientifically*, and many a player in far more important games, would frequently lose a point by adhering to the *books* when he ought to have been guided by circumstances. This often worried the Colonel until he lost his temper, and high words would pass between him and his Lieut. who almost invariably closed the dispute by dogmatically asserting that "every thing considered, we got out of that scrape devilish well, Colonel." But soon this amusement was interrupted.—Burnside attacked us and New Berne fell; and about midnight of that day, after hard fighting, swimming creeks and plodding through a cold rain, the regiment halted some 12 miles from the field of battle, lighted their bivouac fires and tried to rest.

The Field and Staff got into a cabin and dried themselves by a rousing fire—there being only one bed in the room the Colonel and Lieut. Colonel got into it spoon-fashion, whilst the rest spread themselves on the floor. After a while, just as everybody was about going to sleep, the Lieut. Colonel spoke out,

"Well, Colonel, every thing considered, we got out of that scrape devilish well, didn't we?"

"Ya-as," growled the Colonel, "but the other side made the odd trick as usual!"

Amidst a decided "sensation on the floor" we all dropped off to sleep! V.

During the last two years of the war, North Carolina sent to the field many conscripts, who, notwithstanding their verdancy and ignorance, furnished many amusing incidents and anecdotes for the camp, and are deserving of great credit for the unflinching fortitude with which they bore themselves in the closing scenes of the war. To the Marylanders, whose flashy dress, feathered hat, high-top boots, and *superior airs*, inspired the simple minded conscript with a vast idea of their importance. They were a source of infinite amusement, their dress, long hair, and shaggy beards, and especially their peculiar dialect, were food for their jests.

A gallant general officer from Maryland, accompanied by his staff, while on his way to North Carolina, in 1865, found a fellow-passenger in one of the aforesaid conscripts, with a "sick leave" in his pockets. The Marylanders amused themselves and passengers for some time at the expense of the conscripts, by various and sundry questions, as to where he lived, &c.

Finally the conscript turned to the general, and said, "And stranger, whar mout you'uns be from?

"Maryland, my Maryland, the glorious old State of Maryland," was the reply: then said the conscript,

"When is you'uns gwine to take the despots heel off you'uns shore?"

The General subsided, but the crowd enjoyed it hugely.

Whilst the Army of Northern Virginia occupied the line of Bull Run subsequent to the first battle of Manassas, the first Kentucky regiment became know not less for its gallant conduct in the bloody contest of Drainesville than for its want of discipline and utter contempt for military forms. On one occasion, whilst it held an advanced post on the road from Centreville to Alexandria, and it was rumored that the enemy contemplated an advance. General Joe. Johnston, in reconnoitering the advanced guard, happened upon a member of the 1st Kentucky discharging the responsible duty of vidette. Kentucky, a six footer in home geans, had placed two rails together on top of the fence and stretched himself there for a quiet repose in the sun, having deposited his rifle some ten steps off against a tree. As the General rode up, Kentucky slowly raised himself to a sitting posture, yawning and hugging his knees,

stared vacantly at him. "Old Joe" regarding him sternly thus commenced the colloquy.

"Are you not on duty here, sir?"

Kentucky. "Ya-as, been here all night, and don't see why the devil some on em don't come down to relieve me, nuther."

General. "Have you not been instructed, sir, that when you are on duty you are to walk your post and that you are to keep your rifle in your hands and that when a General officer approaches your post you are to salute him, sir?"

Kentucky. "Wall, General, when we was down here at camp Jones, it appears to me hat a feller did come along one day and told me just what you say, but all that damned foolishness is played out long time ago." The General rode off in a musing mood, and if possible, this incident contributed to inspire him with the belief that volunteer troops could not be relied on, an opinion he is said to have entertained until he turned so firmly upon McClelland at Williamsburg and saw his two divisions wrestle with a Yankee host and bring off its artillery and colors.

On another occasion, as Col. J——, an old army officer and strict disciplinarian, acting as division officer of the day, was inspecting a picket line, he came across another specimen of Kentucky soldiery, occupying an important post, on the line. Kentucky, with his mind fixed on an inspection which he had heard was to take place, next day, had taken his rifle to pieces, and distributing it around him, here a band, and there a screw, was whistling a merry tune, and rubbing away at the barrel. As the Colonel approached, Kentucky greeted him with a dry, "mornnin, sir."

Colonel. "What are you doing here, sir?"

Kentucky. "I'm sort of a sentinel."

Colonel. (Wrathy.) "I am sort of an officer of the day."

Kentucky. Wal, I'll swear! Mister just hold on till I git this old thing together and I'll give you a *sort* of a salute."

Pittsboro', N. C., sends the following:

I send a few morsels for the Haversack, which, like the parched corn that sometimes filled the Confederate haversack, I hope will help to keep off starvation. Though I believe it is an impossibility to starve a Confed. Speaking of starving, reminds me of a cavalryman, that rode up to our camp one morning, just as we commenced our breakfast, and looking at us for a few moments, with a hungry starve, said:

"Mister please give me a buiscuit. I hain't had a mouthful for three days, *to-day*, *to-morrow*, and *next day*."

He got the buiscuit.

Ours was a light battery, commanded at the beginning of the war, by a West Pointer, a man of no common stamp, as his career in the army afterwards proved. A skillful officer, and as chivalrous a gentleman as the Cape Fear region ever produced. Winning promotion by his own merit, until

as Colonel of a North Carolina regiment, he was laid low, by a Yankee bullet, in the fight at Cold Harbor, in the campaign of 1864, when Grant was performing his crab-like movement, from Spottsylvania to Petersburg.

Poor M. returned from West Point just as the war began, was offered command of a volunteer company, and soon the boys in the battery stepped to a different tune. The Captain was a great stickler for military etiquette, and a rigid disciplinarian, and took great pride in the appearance, and military bearing of his men. But those boys were wild colts, and caused the Captain to heave many a sigh before they were "broken in."

Gov. Clark and Gen. Martin (then Adjutant General of the State,) arrived in camp one day to inspect and review the battery, great preparations had been made to receive them, and everything went off beautifully.

After the review, the Governor, General, and several others were invited to dine with the officers of the company. Captain M. was complimented by all, on the appearance, drill, and high state of discipline of the battery, and his handsome face was glowing with blushes at the many compliments, when, stepping to the door of the tent, he ordered a Sergeant, standing near, to tell the bugler to "sound dinner call." When the Sergeant faced about, and putting both hands to his mouth, bawled out, at the top of his voice, to the bugler, who was at the other end of the camp.

"*Kilby, blow your bread horn.*"

The aforesaid Sergeant survived the war as "high private in the rear rank." J. O. M.

The following from Owensboro' Kentucky, is, of our own knowledge, from as generous and patriotic a rebel as ever contributed to a *Haversack:*

During the war, and towards its close, many will remember how our prisoners suffered for both food and clothing at every Northern prison. Three of our Texas boys were captured at Jonesboro', Ga., who belonged to my brother's company and were sent to Camp Chase. They immediately wrote to me in Kentucky, informiug me of their capture and imprisonment. Just as I had made up a full suit of warm clothing, with blankets, hats, etc., came the infamous Yankee order that no prisoner should be allowed to receive any thing save what their friends could send them from Dixie, or what very near relatives might send within "*our lines.*" With aching heart I went to my old friend who had been my co-worker during the war and said to her what shall we do? Shall our boys be left to freeze in prison while we have plenty ready now to save them and make them comfortable? Never shall I forget the sparkle that gleamed from her blue eye as she raised her spectacles saying, "Yes, I read that infamous order yesterday as well as yourself. Yankees are made of *orders*, and they are *mighty keen*, but I think we Southern women have cut our eye-teeth. Now you just sit down and write a loving, affectionate letter to one of the

boys, call him your dear nephew, tell him all about his uncles, aunts, and cousins here, and wind up by telling him to get an order from the commandant of the prison for a suit of clothes from his aunt in Kentucky, and," said she, "I shall play aunt to the other two." Just such epistles as two doting old aunts alone could write were penned and sent our boys. They also wrote affectionately back to us and sure enough the Yankee order came, and in this way we afterwards clothed at least fifty nephews without the least trouble. M. J. R.

I write the following to know if there is any record as to the last skirmish of the late war, and to see if there was any after the 1st of June, 1865.

It is known that the Trans-Mississippi Army was surrendered on the 22nd of May. From soldiers who had left the army, near Shreveport; after the event, we heard of the surrender, on the Arkansas river—yet we had no official information of the fact.

This news, of course, made those who had been true to the last, and had responsibilities at home, wrestive and anxious to lay down their arms, and take hold of the plow, as the country was in a destitute condition, and the season now far advanced.

The last few soldiers who were in the District—as all the army had fallen back to Red river, where it had been disbanded—started from the little town of Monticello, Drew county, Arkansas, for Pine Bluff, to surrender, and be paroled, on the morning of the 1st of June—except about ten or twelve, who had remained behind with Colonel Rogan, (who had been in command, doing outpost and picket duty on the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers) and were to start on the morning of the next day, for Mexico, to join the fortunes of Price, Magruder, Shelby, and others, who had refused to surrender.

Not expecting any Federals, this squad was carelessly scattered over the little town, when about sun-down, the advance of a force, sent to occupy Monticello, entered the square. As soon as they made their appearance, they were fired on by some of the party—and a brisk skirmish was the result—which lasted for some time. The main force coming up, (about 100 men) the Confederates were compelled to fall back, to save themselves—retreating on the different roads leading from town. This so scattered the would-be Mexican adventurers, that it was impossible to get them together again. One by one they surrendered, and are now at home.

Was there any skirmish after the 1st of June, 1865, or was this the last hostile gun of the war?

X.

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

"OLD SILK."

GEN. BASIL W. DUKE, in his "History of Morgan's Cavalry," treating of the raid into Indiana and Ohio, says: "Major Steele, of the 3rd Kentucky, had been appointed Provost Marshal of the division, and was assisted by picked officers and men from each of the brigades. He was a most resolute, vigilant, energetic officer, and yet he found it impossible to entirely stop a practice which neither company nor regimental officers were able to aid him in suppressing—the practice of wholesale pillaging. The men seemed actuated by a desire to 'pay off' in the 'enemy's country,' all scores that the Federal army had chalked up in the South. The great cause for apprehension, which our situation might have inspired, seemed only to make them restless. Calico was the staple article of appropriation—each man (who could get one) tied a bolt of it to his saddle, only to throw it away and get a fresh one at the first opportunity. They did not pillage with any sort of method, or reason—it seemed to be a mania, senseless and purposeless. One man carried a bird cage, with three canaries in it, for two days. Another rode with a chafing-dish, which looked like a small metallic coffin, on the pummel of his saddle until an officer forced him to throw it away. Although the weather was intensely warm, another, still, slung seven pair of skates around his neck, and chuckled long and loud over his acquisition. I saw very few articles of real value taken—they pillaged like boys robbing an orchard. I would not have believed that such a passion could have been developed, so ludicrously, among any body of civilized men. At Piketon, Ohio, I saw one man break through the guard, posted at a store, rush in (trembling with excitement and avarice,) and fill his pockets with horn buttons! They would, with few exceptions, throw away their plunder after awhile, like children tired of their toys."

Among the exceptions referred to, above, was an old Dutchman, or, rather, a Jew. I don't recollect his name. He was a polished pillager, but he differed from the generality of those who indulged in such pass-time—he pillaged for profit. And there was another peculiarity about him—he stole nothing but silks. Why this was, I never could tell; perhaps he had been a silk merchant, in his day, and, consequently, felt himself more competent to judge that particular article than any other; but, be that as it may, silkes were his look-out—he never seemed to think of anything else—when a store was entered they always knew just where to find him—had there been tons of gold scattered around, I verily believe he would have turned from it, in disgust, to rumage among the dry goods, in quest of silks.

Old Silk, as the boys nicknamed him, was not strictly a member of the division, but more properly a hanger-on. He fell in with it about the time of its crossing the Ohio river, furnishing his own horse, outfit, etc. Deep was his patriotism, and lasting his hatred to Yankees, to take his own story for it; but some how or other the soldiers wouldn't do that. There was something about the man that wouldn't exactly go down with them. In short, they had no confidence worth naming in the old fellow's sincerity, but rather attributed his presence with them to his love of silks rather than his love of liberty.—And it is my private opinion that the soldiers were about right. A report of our troubles here, had, most likely, reached the ears of the friendly old Israelite away in Father Land, and he had thereupon crossed the ocean with the view of laying in a "cheap stock." If so, it must have finally occurred to him that he had got into the wrong army, for, though the Confederates had fine opportunities for plundering, their hiding facilities were of the worst order.

Soon after crossing the Ohio line a squad of six or eight men were sent off from the main army to pick up a few fresh horses. Old Silk accompanied them; not by special detail, but rather as a volunteer. His horse, decidedly an inferior article at the outset, was now about to fail, and Old Silk wanted to exchange him for something better; so he "went in" for a part of the picture, bringing up the rear of the venturesome little band after a most ludicrous manner, looking, with his voluminous accumulations of silks and silken fineries, more like a Yankee peddler than a Confederate soldier.

A few miles out and the party came to a large farm-house at which there seemed to be quite a gathering of people. Immediately on seeing the Confederates, the people commenced cheering for Valandigham and Jeff. Davis, and taking it for a friendly indication the boys rode up in great confidence.

Very friendly indeed proved they who had gathered at the farm-house. They were delighted to learn that Gen. Morgan was sweeping everything before him, and they hoped he would capture and burn that abolition hot-bed, Cincinnati. Hundreds of men were waiting all along to join his forces, and before he had gone fifty miles further, they knew from positive information that the division would be swelled to nearly twice its present strength.

All this was very encouraging. It made everything look so bright and cheerful to the little squad of horse-hunters, that the jaded beasts under them seemed converted into fiery chargers, and they almost wholly forgot the important errand upon which they had been sent. Even Old Silk could scarcely contain himself—in fact he did blubber forth half-a-dozen "Dat ish goots!" and then wound up by asking the kind-hearted Valandighamers if there were a goodly number of stores on ahead; and if they all kept silks on a pretty large scale.

"Won't you light and come in,

boys?" said the principal spokesman of the Valandighamers—"light and come in and take something—I've got a little of the pure old rye juice left, and I feel that I couldn't do a better thing with it than muster it into the Southern service."

The temptation was great, and all were about to throw themselves from their horses, when looking towards the house, the commander of the squad thought he saw something that did not appear exactly right. The sun was shining in at the windows, and he saw a gleam which reminded him very much of muskets; so he ordered a halt, and after thanking the spokesman, told him that time pressed, and that they would, therefore, be forced to ride on. The words had scarcely been spoken ere an ominous clicking sound came from the house, and immediately the window sashes were thrown up, and there poured out at the door, and around the corners, fifty or sixty well-armed home guards. Without asking any one to surrender, or anything of the kind, a full volley was fired upon the little band of Confederates. And immediately a lively skedaddle took place, in fact there was no other alternative, for the Yankees evinced too plainly, that to remain in expectation of quarters, would be simply exposing themselves to be shot down like dogs.

It was a little spell of awful running! No jaded horses ever made better time, than did these, until a neighboring wood was reached. Old Silks, himself, almost scorned to be held in the rear—his accustomed place—but came forward with a degree of alacrity never before displayed by him; and which kept him nick and nick with several other members of the party.

The balls whistled frightfully, but, so far as known, no damage had yet been done, up to the time of almost reaching the edge of the wood. Just at this point, however, they were startled by a loud cry of, "Oh, mine Got!" from Old Silk. Looking around, they saw him still clinging to his horse but, poor fellow! they all knew he had received his furlough. Several times he repeated the exclamation, but still he managed to keep from falling, and his horse continued to keep pace with the party. Under other circumstances, the scene would have been truly a laughable one, for the affair had demonstrated the fact that Old Silk had been in the habit of wearing other people's hair, and now hat and wig were both gone, making him out John Gilpin, the veritable John himself, and creating an additional interest out of his silks; four or five bolts of which were to be seen flying in the air at the same time, to say nothing of handkerchiefs, and other silkities.

But no one felt like laughing, much as he disliked the old Jew; nor would he have felt like laughing, even though in perfect safety himself. The old Jew was one of them—a companion in the awful dangers which now surrounded them. No matter what might be in his heart, he was subject to equal exposure with the rest, and hence, in trying times like this, was entitled to a full share of

sympathy. Misfortune had overtaken him; and though he cut a riduculous figure, it was the result of that misfortune, and no fault of his. Laughing would not have been proper—no one felt inclined to indulge in it.

The wood once gained, placed the little party beyond range of the enemy's fire. All were still upon their horses, and all apparently unhurt except poor Old Silk. He was groaning at a terrible rate, and seemed just ready to fall. The boys gathered around him with sad countenances, and began to ask him where he was hurt.

"Oh, mine Got!" said he.

"Are you able to ride further?" asked the Sergeant in command. "The Thugs will soon be out to look for the scalps."

"Yaw," said Old Silk, casting a sorrowful glance back the way we had come, "Go on, but—oh, mine Got!"

"But tell us where you are wounded," said two or three at the same time.

"Wounted? Oh, mine Got! mine silks! mine hankcher! mine *everytings!*"

"I know; but where are you hurt?"

"Oh, mine silks! mine hankcher! mine *everyting!* all gone—mine everytings!" and Old Silk blubbered right out.

"Come on, boys—the old fool is not scratched!" said the Sergeant, and so it proved to be; and as they rode looking at Old Silk's bald head, and coupling with it the scene of the retreat from the farm-house, there was an unrestrained disposition to laugh.

The squad figuring in the above affair was from the 10th Kentucky.

EDITORIAL.

THE father of General Grant has been giving the world some interesting sketches of the boyhood of his distinguished son, and with eminent propriety, has selected the New York *Ledger* as the organ of communication.

The incident which seems to have attracted the most attention in these interesting, not to say affecting, recollections, is the riding in a Circus of a very vicious pony, by the future hero of Belmont and Shiloh. The showman was very confident that the pony could unhorse any man or boy, who would risk neck and limbs upon the back of the furious beast. But the young soldier sat there with all the composure of General Butler, amidst the spoils of Mr. ———'s pantry.

The showman, annoyed to find that his favorite pony was about to be foiled, gave the wink (very unfairly, as it strikes us, though Grant, the father, does not complain of it,) to a mischievous monkey, to get on the boy's back. But all the scratching, biting, and pushing of the monkey, aforesaid, could not disturb the serene composure of the young champion of the ring. He remained master of the situation.

The moral of the story is very instructive. It shows that the germ of greatness is to be found among boys, who are to leave their impress upon the age in which they live. George Washington, when a lad, would not tell a lie about the cherry-tree, and he carried that same conscientious truthfulness with him throughout life. We have no similar account of the unimpeachable veracity of young Ulysses, but we are told how he was ridden by a monkey. The story goes that, in early manhood, he *had the monkeys* so bad as to compel his retirement from the U. S. Army. Only six weeks ago, the Abolition papers were teeming with statements that the renowned warrior had the monkeys again. Truly, just now we are a monkey-ridden people,—all of which was typefied and pre-figured by the scene in the Circus, thirty years ago.

———

The denial of General Sherman that he burned Columbia, S. C., was followed by his biography, from the pen of a member of his Staff, exulting in the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, which accompanied "The March to the Sea," and giving pictures of the bummers at their infernal work. Now, we have a statement from one of Sherman's own army, establishing all that has been charged upon the General, and which he has so vehemently denied. We copy from the Savannah (Ga.) *Advertiser*.

GEN. SHERMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

"Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of Cincinnati, *literateur*, Bohemian, and withal a man of decided clever-

ness, has been writing a book about what Ohio did in the recent civil war. He is a pronounced Radical, and writes from this stand-point, so far as the South and the questions at issue in the struggle, are concerned. Of course he has much to say of Sherman and Sheridan. As a matter of history, and for future reference where people are called upon, perhaps, to forget the past, we desire to put on record the summing up by this friend and fellow countryman of Gen. Sherman, deeds in South Carolina. We submit it without comment:

Before his movement (from Atlanta) began, Gen. Sherman begged permission to turn his army loose in South Carolina and devastate it. He used this permission to the full. He protested that he did not wage war on women and children. But under the operation of his orders, the last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families, that his soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes rose day by day the mournful clouds of smoke on every side, that told of old people and their grand-children driven in mid-winter from the only roofs there were to shelter them, by the flames which the wontonness of his soldiers had kindled.

With his full knowledge and tacit approval, the greater portion of his advance resolved itself into bands of jewelry thieves and plate-closet burglars. Yet, if a single soldier was punished for a single outrage or theft during that entire movement, we have found no mention of it in all the voluminous records of the march. He did, indeed, say that he would not protect them in stealing "women's apparel or jewelry." But even this, with no whisper of punishment attached, he said, not in general orders nor in approval of the findings of some righteously severe court-martial, but incidently, in a letter to one of his officers, which never saw the light till two years after the close of the war. He rebuked no one for such outrages, the soldiers understood that they pleased him. Was not South Carolina to be properly punished? This was not war. It was not even revenge of a wrathful soldiery, for it was practiced, not upon the enemy, but upon the defenceless "feeble folks" he had left at home. There was, indeed, one excuse for it—an excuse which chivalric soldiers might be slow to plead. It injured the enemy—not by open fight, where a million would have been thought full match for less than a hundred thousand, but by frightening his men about the situation of their wives and children."

The reception given to Sergeant Bates and his Flag throughout the entire South seems to be an anomalous and almost unaccountable event, but it is really susceptible of an easy explanation. We do not believe that the honors showered upon the gallant Sergeant by city and town authorities, and the enthusiastic gathering of the people to welcome him, are meant to show the love of the people for the "old flag" and the admiration for the gentle party now in power. Such professions

of attachment to flag and rulers would argue either profound hypocrisy or as great fickleness as that of the old negro-traders and brutal masters, now changed into lovers and worshippers of "the man and brother." Moreover, we utterly and scornfully rebuke the base insinuation that these demonstrations are intended to deceive and hood-wink the "loyal North" as to the true sentiments of the South. Sergeant Bates has thrown himself trustfully and confidingly upon Southern honor. An unarmed and a helpless man, he passes through forests and swamps where crime could be committed and no eye to behold or tongue to tell of it, and yet he is as safe as though surrounded by legions of soldiers.—He has made a chivalrous appeal to Southern chivalry, and therefore the response has been enthusiastic. Another element in the Sergeant's favor is the universal feeling all over this desolated land that the old enemies of the South are now in open rebellion against the Flag he bears, and against the Constitution framed by our common ancestry. The Jacobin rebels at the North attribute the cordiality to Bates on our part to a wish to demonstrate the falsehood of the Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill. This is very absurd: for not a single individual in the United States believed that Preamble to be true; least of all did those believe it true, who drew it up and voted for it. Their sole object was to justify their severity to the European world.

We have no sympathy with the fuss and parade made over the traveler. It strikes us as being impolitic, if not ridiculous. He ought to be allowed to pass along quietly like any other modest individual. It is not for an enslaved people either to rail or to applaud. The former will be construed to mean rebellion, the latter will be regarded as sycophancy.

One of the saddest results of the military domination over the South is the subjecting of the better classes to the persecutions of the low, degraded and vicious, who, to prove that they are "truly loyal," bring monstrous and improbable charges against those infinitely better than themselves.—Honorable birth, purity of character and integrity of life, so far from constituting safe-guards against slander, serve as shining targets for its poisoned shafts.—The man, the most revered in a community for his virtues and his talents, will be precisely the man to be dragged before a Military Commission upon the charge of some ignorant negro or renegade white.

Dr. T. J. Charlton, of Savannah, Ga., bears one of the most honored names at the South, and he has borne himself worthy of his lineage. Notwithstanding his social position and high character, he was actually arraigned before a Military Commission on the charge of *poisoning* two prisoners in the city prison, of which he was the attending physician. He was, of course, acquitted of so absurd a charge. The grievous wrong is that any *gentleman* was to be similarly tried for imaginary offences.

We append the Resolutions of the Georgia Medical Society:

"SAVANNAH, GA., March 5th, 1868.—*To the President and Members of the Georgia Medical Society, Savannah, Ga.:* Your committee appointed to report upon the case of Dr. T. J. Charlton, who has recently been arraigned before a military commission, beg leave to submit the following:

"Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that Dr. T. J. Charlton, a member of our organization, has been charged by parties and tried by a military commission for *Murder*, though subsequently exonerated from said charges by the commission; and

"Whereas, this member of our time-honored organization is a man of professional and social merit and intelligence, and so regarded by his professional brethren, and by the community in which he was born and reared; and

"Whereas, the parties who brought the charges are disreputable and irresponsible, we most earnestly offer this as a protest against such illegal and un-called for action on the part of the military authorities; that it is the opinion of this Society that charges of such character should be submitted to the decision of civil courts, if entertained at all; and

"Whereas, we, as a body, have for the past three years given gratuitous medical services to the indigent freedmen, as well as whites, your committee would recommend the passage of the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That if such unjust and outrageous charges are to be brought against members of our Society, by irresponsible parties, we will in future refuse to attend colored people who are unknown to us, and irresponsible.

"*Resolved*, That we are willing, as a humanitarian body, to render professional services, as we have always done, to paupers, white or colored, but we must have security against gross injustice and damage to professional and moral reputation.

Reputation for skill and intelligence is usually acquired by years of hard labor and assiduous attention to our profession and its duties, and we cannot consent to have it tarnished by such proceedings as were carried out in the case of Dr. T. J. Charlton, without a serious and earnest protest.

Respectfully submitted,
JURIAH HARRIS, M. D.,
WM. G. BULLOCH, M. D.,
R. D. ARNOLD, M. D.,
Com. for the Ga. Medical Society.

A true extract from minutes, March 4, 1868.

Attest:
ROBT. P. MYERS, M. D.,
Recording Sec. G. M. S."

It gives us great pleasure to state that Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, Georgia, so distinguished as a soldier, scholar, and poet, has kindly consented to take charge of the Poetic Department, of this Magazine.